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Ford on the Skids *John Osborne*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts—January 3 & 10, 1976, 60 cents

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Two years after the Arab oil embargo, America is still without an oil policy that deserves the name

Too Little Too Late

Robert Samuelson

Adequate Defense — *Barry M. Blechman*

Presidential Style — *Joseph P. Lash*

Rock, Reggae, Dylan — *W.T. Lhamon*

Tax Cutting — *The Editors*

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TRB

from the Centennial ®
January 10, 1976

100 Years Ago

Down the vast hall comes H.M. Dom Pedro II, emperor of Brazil, who rather negligently takes the exhibit and holds it to his ear. "My God," he exclaims, "it talks!"

The voice inside is reciting Hamlet's soliloquy. Later they call the "talking box" the telephone. It can talk only one way so far but, by the end of the year, Alexander Graham Bell has fixed it up, and the first reciprocal conversation occurs.

The time: 100 years ago; the place: Philadelphia; the occasion: a rather self-conscious commemoration by a brash young nation of an event that happened 100 years before when somebody wrote, "These United Colonies are, and of Right, ought to be Free and Independent States."

It is a nation of 46 million, with 38 states (if you include Colorado, the Centennial State). The guidebook notes an exhibition from the "Kingdom of Hawaii, better known as the Sandwich Islands, where Queen Emma exhibited a case of fans and feather work."

Americans are uncertain in 1876 how to celebrate their brief 100 years when ancient nations of the Old World are watching them, preparing to sneer at their inexperience. They decide to go for broke with an Exposition that will put the shows in London (1851) and Paris (1867) to shame, and this one has 200 buildings, exhibits from 49 nations and 26 states—admission 50 cents.

Why Philadelphia, ask other cities? Well, after all, this is where it all started, and it is a bustling, modern place anyway of 800,000 with 130,000 dwelling houses, and "over 34,000 bathrooms," the British consul reports, "most of which are supplied with hot water." Yes and 27 daily and weekly papers.

It is a nation that wants to forget the war. Appomattox is only 11 years back. It is a nation in deep recession. After an inflation retribution set in: from the floor of the stock market in 1873 the bankruptcy of Jay Cooke & Co., America's leading banking house, is announced, a crisis as unthinkable as the threat of bankruptcy, say, to New York City! *The New York Herald* thinks the power of the central government can save the situation. (No, not even the arrival in New York of President Grant and Treasury Secretary Richardson.) Five years of depression set in.

It is a time of social stress. When poet Bayard Taylor reads his "National Ode" specially written for the occasion at the Exposition on July 4 a disturbance occurs. What is it? . . . Some woman in the audience is reading something at the top of her voice! She is a formidable figure, surrounded by others just as determined. The name is Susan B. Anthony—the celebrated agitator, always angry about something—first liquor, now women's rights. Some kind of a nut; pay no attention; she is reading a "Declaration of Independence for Women" and wants women to control their own property, have guardianship of children in case of divorce and, fancy this, *the vote*. Pay no attention.

It is a nation sickened by scandal in Washington. Grant licked Horace Greeley, who made a pitiful campaign, alienating all the professional politicians. Then came the exposure of one scandal after another, involving even the Vice President and Grant's private secretary. The voters at mid-term returned a Democratic House which began a series of investigations. There is talk of impeachment of cabinet members and, in the midst of stagnation on the heels of scandal, the nation prepares to celebrate its Centennial of independence. As the Exposition ends, November 10th, election results are in—Tilden has beaten Hayes. But has he? More popular votes, maybe, but Republicans challenge results in four states, and a special electoral commission with an 8 to 7 Republican majority gives all disputed states to Hayes and elects him. In return Hayes gives the Southern Democrats non-enforcement of the Reconstruction acts; civil rights thereby disappear for half a century . . .

It is a time, then, 100 years ago, of a nation searching its soul and wondering if it has been true to its trust. With all sorts of mediocre oratory and music and poetry commissioned for the Exposition, James Russell Lowell unofficially writes his own bitter satirical Ode in which Brother Jonathan advises Columbia, who is "Puzzled what she should display/Of true home-make on her Centennial Day" to "Show your legislatures; show your Rings/And challenge Europe to produce such things . . ."

Something to Celebrate

There is a sour, disappointed, anxious note under the Exposition-Election of 100 years ago. It will remind some people perhaps of today. And yet, having said this, it wouldn't be fair to leave it at that. The Exposition is a smashing display of material achievement. It is a prim affair—no floor shows, closed Sundays—but it opens the eyes of America and the world. Ten million tickets are sold. It shows Europeans the American technique of mass production through interchangeable parts. It shows the air-brake, the refrigerator car, the typewriter ("It piles an awful lot of words on one page," says Mark Twain admiringly). All the machines are powered by one gigantic steam-engine, built by George Corliss, 40 feet tall with a 30-foot flywheel.

If Dom Pedro didn't actually see the "talking box" (the story may be apocryphal) at least they certainly gave Bell's last-minute entry a gold medal.

There was Roebling's suspension-bridge cable (Brooklyn Bridge would be spun by 1883); there was the gigantic hand and uplifted torch of Bartholdi's new Statue of Liberty (it would be erected and completed in 1886). There was Hire's new "root beer" (three cents a draft); an automatic shingle maker that could turn out 25,000 shingles a day. And the Pyramid Pin Co. of New Haven had a busily working machine capable of sticking 180,000 pins in papers a day.

Don't laugh. Up in Plummer's Store, in South Lee, New Hampshire, a returned traveler told awed listeners of this machine and the shirt-sleeved farmers spat and ruminated, and thought of poor, stooped Johnny Gardner the peddler, who trudged between Newmarket and Northfield and opened his pack to show interested farm wives thread and needles and yes—pins. Pins cost her money. Some around the stove could remember when pins were handmade. "Thousands in a day," they said. "What a country," they said.

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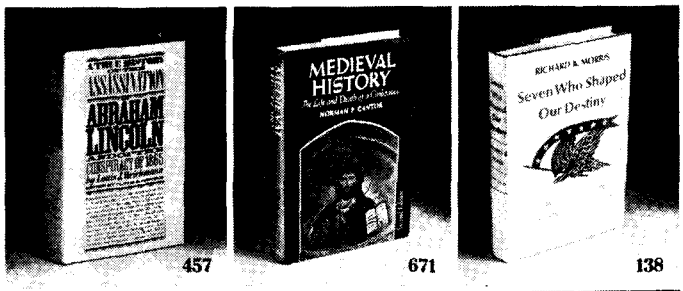

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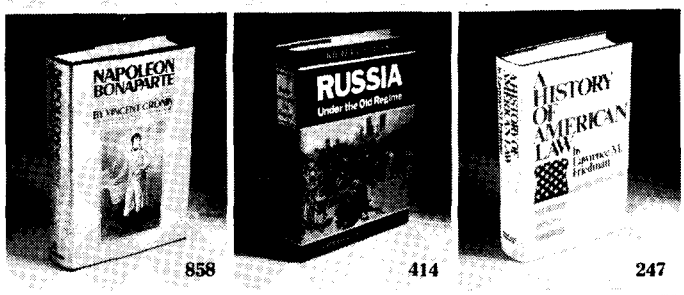

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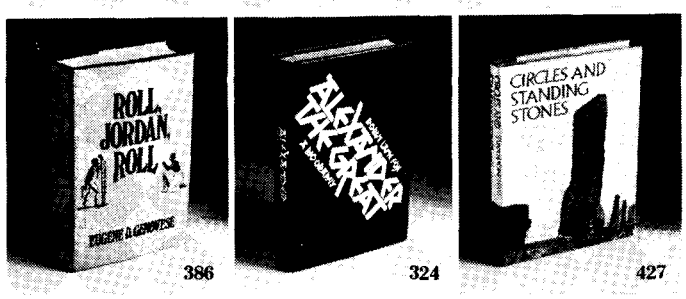

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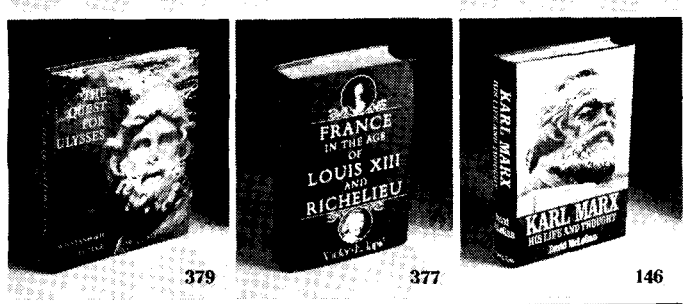

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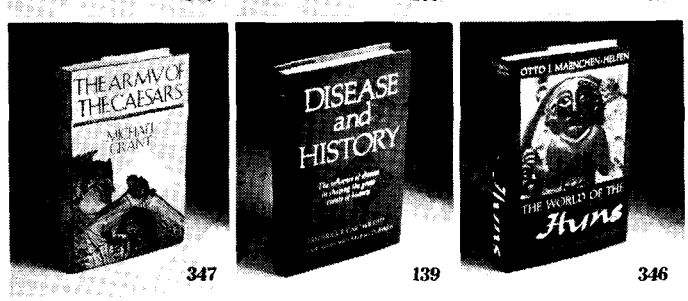

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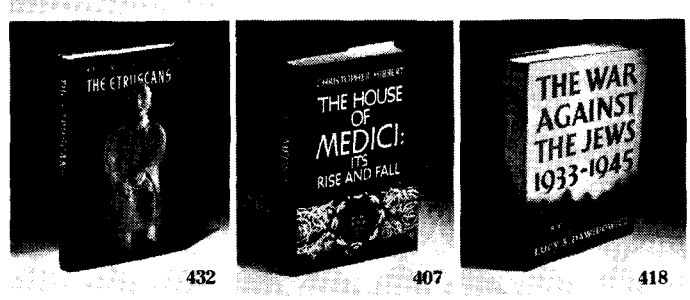

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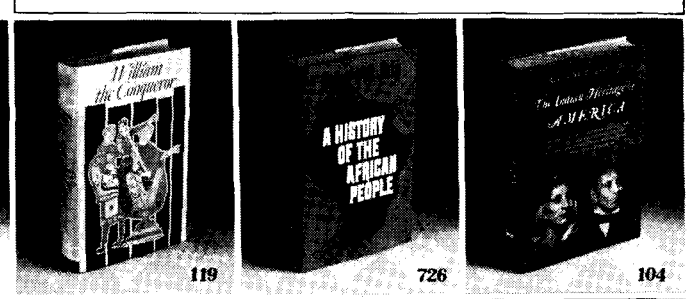

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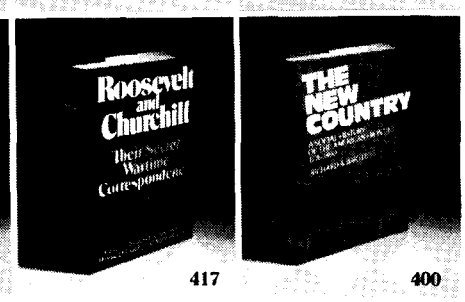

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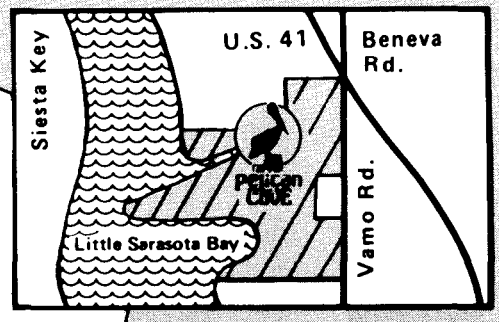

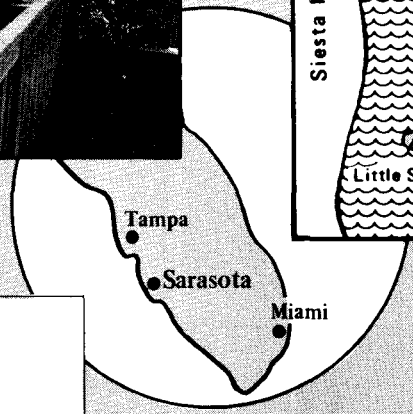

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Power Struggle

The bickering between the President and Congress over the tax cut for 1976, like the squabble over the oil price bill and over aid to New York City, had more to do with public image than public welfare. In the final stages it degenerated into a trivial contest for voter approval. When the debate ended in December it was obvious that the politicians were elbowing one another not to get out front and claim credit for a job well done, but to scurry to the rear and avoid blame for having botched a simple task. Congress set out to pass a tax cut quickly without attempting to reform the tax code. (That was postponed til the new year.) Meanwhile the President vowed he would approve the tax cut only if it was accompanied by a written promise to cut the 1977 federal budget by an equal amount. He and his spokesmen said several times that a tax cut without a spending cut would be vetoed. The Democrats in Congress didn't take Ford's threat seriously because they couldn't imagine that a President running for election would veto a tax cut at Christmastime. Furthermore they didn't think they had the authority to bind a future session of Congress to a promise of this kind. The debate seemed academic, and they ignored Ford's demand for a spending ceiling. If the worst happened, the Democrats assumed they could override the veto.

Congressional leaders were wrong on both of their guesses. Ford not only vetoed the tax cut, but House Republicans managed to sustain him, by 17 votes. The two sides had put their prestige on the line, and it was difficult to find a solution to the silly confrontation that had developed. A week before Christmas the Democrats found themselves caught in another test of strength over an issue that wasn't very important in itself but had become important because of the publicity it got. In the end they gave in. They mumbled some threats of letting the veto stand, but after a day of stewing about it, they went to work and quickly rewrote the bill. By December 19 they had enacted a new tax cut incorporating some words of obeisance to the President. Ford signed it, everyone claimed victory and Congress took off for vacation.

The tax cut controversy is an example of the kind of teapot tempest that seems to develop frequently between Jerry Ford and Congress. There was little substance to it. Congress wanted to extend the 1975 tax cut for another six months, which according to the experts would

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allow the average taxpayer to keep three or four dollars a week in take-home pay that would otherwise go to the US Treasury. It doesn't help the individual a great deal, but in the aggregate it puts about eight billion dollars each half-year into consumers' pockets and thence into commerce. Ford insisted on having a promise that federal spending would be cut, but the promise he finally got was so flimsy and equivocal that one wonders why he bothered. Congress agreed that if it extends the tax cut *beyond* the six months ending next July 1, it will reduce federal appropriations by a sum "equal to any reduction in taxes." But it reserved the right to break its promise "if the Congress concludes that this is warranted by economic conditions or unforeseen circumstances." Sen. Edmund Muskie, chairman of the Senate Budget Committee, said the clause would be broadly interpreted. For example, Muskie explained, the President's upcoming 1977 budget could be called an unforeseen circumstance because the details hadn't been released yet.

The real problem that haunted the debate was not the question of taxes, but the declining standard of living in the US. Republican congressmen fretted about the fact that Jerry Ford had run up an unprecedented one-year deficit of $70 billion, and they worried that he might be fanning new inflation. Democrats generally took the other tack, warning of recession and high unemployment rates. At least one senator—John Pastore of Rhode Island—stood up to protest his colleagues' pessimism; he couldn't believe the economy was doing so poorly. Unfortunately, however, the professional forecasters don't support Pastore. A *Wall Street Journal* survey of some leading economic consultants last week found a consensus opinion that, even with the help of continued tax cuts, the economy will not grow at the customary (pre-1974) rate in 1976. Almost all the experts predicted that unemployment would remain about the same, at eight percent or more.

The tax cut isn't important in this large scheme of things, except that without it, the economy would probably be slightly worse off. No one really expected or wanted the tax cut to fail, and it was evident as the debate dragged on that the President and Congress weren't fighting over specifics at all. The real fight was over the question of authority. All the President wanted was a public admission by Congress that he is nominally in control of the budget and can make his word stick. To prove his point, he challenged Congress to a showdown, and in the end he won. But what did he win? He didn't get a cutback in any specific program or even a pledge to keep federal expenditures below a fixed ceiling. What he got was a vague commitment from the Democrats not to finance any new programs next year—unless, of course, they change their minds.

Ford did prove two things beyond a doubt: first, that when it comes to obstructionism, he can be just as tough as Richard Nixon, and second, that he will take great risks to prove that he's not a timid politician.

White House Watch

On the Skids

At the start of 1976, after 17 months and his first full year in the presidency, Gerald Ford was on the skids. Three respected national columnists—George Will, Tom Braden and Joseph Kraft—wrote variously that the nation's first appointed President had become "a caretaker," "a joke" and a man who had brought his decline and his troubles upon himself with his own stupidities. Right after praising him for two controversial actions, vetoing a construction picketing bill and signing a compromise energy bill, *The New York Times* said editorially that "the abdication of Gerald Ford . . . has now become a discernible possibility." The *Times* meant abdication from the race for nomination and election this year, not from the presidency before the inauguration of the next President on January 20, 1977.

The views of columnists and newspaper editorialists are not necessarily conclusive and determining, of course. But there could be no doubt that in this instance they combined with events to contribute powerfully to the creation of a fact. The fact was that Mr. Ford was increasingly perceived to be a loser, a bumbler, a misfit President who for some reason or other, a reason probably unflattering and possibly dangerous in itself, was prone to slip on airplane ramps, bump his head on helicopter entrances, entangle himself in the leashes of his family dogs, and fall from skis in front of television cameras that showed him asprawl in snow. Insidiously and unmistakably, mostly in gossip but occasionally in print and in broadcast hints, an impression that originated months ago in that hive of mis-impression, the White House press room, began to spread and to be related to the perception. The impression is that Mr. Ford drinks too much.

A Gallup poll showing that in late November Ronald Reagan of California had jumped ahead of President Ford in Republican preferences for the Republican presidential nomination continued to overshadow in general effect a later Gallup poll, published on December 22, showing both that approval of the President's overall performance had just risen five points, from 41 to 46 percent of the responses, and that in a contest for the presidency Gerald Ford as of December would lead Democratic Sen. Hubert Humphrey by a considerably wider margin than Ronald Reagan would. Typically of the Ford White House operation, Press Secretary Ronald Nessen confused and diminished the positive effect of the December 22 poll by mistakenly saying on Christmas Day in Vail, Colorado, where the President was vacationing, that the five-point increase in approval was something new and about to be published instead of old news that had been mentioned by Nessen at a briefing in Washington the previous Monday. Typically of the White House

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press corps operation, a reporter whined to Nessen on December 26: "How could you have gone so wrong on the Gallup poll? All of us in the networks and I think the newspapers as well went pretty hard with that." If reporters in Vail blamed themselves for failing to recognize old news, there is no sign of it in the record.

The main purpose of this report is to summarize what the President and some of his principal assistants say about his troubles and prospects and what is being done about some of the staff problems connected with those troubles. First, however, a few personal opinions and observations are in order.

As to the impression of excessive drinking, in my very few contacts with Mr. Ford I've seen him enjoy whiskies and martinis. On the only two occasions when my observation could have meant anything, I never saw him over-drink. On one public occasion, a political rally in North Carolina before he became President, he seemed to me to be inexplicably voluble and disconnected. Reporters whom I respect are convinced that they've observed him during what they call "martini speeches." With the possible exception mentioned, I never have. I know of no evidence whatever that drinking affects or interferes with his presidential performance or has anything to do with his infrequent though invariably noted physical bumbles. After all, surgery for a college football knee injury had the man on crutches at the 1972 Republican convention and anybody with that history should be a bit self-conscious and nervous walking up and down steep airplane ramps. What I've seen of Mr. Ford on golf courses—they'll never get me near enough to a ski course to observe him on skis—causes me to agree with Ron Nessen that the President is a graceful and well coordinated person.

As to the skids that he is on at this writing, I believe that columnists and others who assume that he is permanently and irrecoverably on a downhill slide to political humiliation and defeat overlook the inherent power of incumbency, Mr. Ford's capacities for retrieval, and the transparent deficiencies of his principal rival for the Republican nomination, Ronald Reagan. It's fashionable to hold that incumbency in Gerald Ford's case is irrelevant; that because he was appointed rather than elected and has never had a national constituency he actually has none of the powers over either the Republican convention or the electorate that sitting Presidents are supposed to enjoy. I could be misled by the interest in and respect for the presidency as such that have never been concealed in these writings. But I don't think I am. I believe that Mr. Ford's incumbency, assuming that it's no worse used than it was in his first 17 months, will see him through quite possible party primary defeats that otherwise could be ruinous and, with some offsetting primary victories here and there, will preserve him as the unbeatable candidate for the presidential nomination at the Kansas City convention. And Reagan? Here I admit to a prejudice that could be blinding. Ronald Reagan to me is still the posturing, essentially mindless and totally unconvincing candy man that he's been in my opinion ever since I watched his try for the Republican nomination evaporate in Miami in 1968.

Mr. Ford is worried, as he should be. One of his intriguing characteristics, however, is that he displays his worry only to the public and—according to senior assistants—never to his staff. After his signing of a compromise tax bill with only the most tenuous and slippery acknowledgment of his hitherto adamantly asserted principle that every dollar of tax reduction ought to be matched with a dollar of reduced federal expenditure was interpreted as an abject retreat, he suddenly arranged a personal appearance in the White House press room with the preposterous claim that "I won on that issue 100 percent." After his televised plump into the snow on a ski slope at Vail, he groaned to reporters: "I was never skiing better until that stupid fall. It was pure stupid carelessness." It was evident that he comprehended all too well the impression of inherent maladroitness that the spectacle was bound to further. So why did he risk it? Because the fellow likes to ski, on expert testimony usually does it well, and said to people who warned him of the peril—*the hell with it.* That I admire.

The most authoritative statement of Mr. Ford's estimate of his political prospects was offered by him at the press conference called to offset his retreat on the tax bill. Here is the statement, condensed but not distorted: "The way I judge it is, whether I think I am doing a good job as President. The American people in the final analysis will judge whether I should be nominated and/or elected on the basis of how I conduct myself in this office and that is where the concentration will be. I think the final answer comes in the ballot box and if I do the job that will be the test, not any interim polls." Here, without quotation marks but in close paraphrase, is a composite of views encountered at the White House after the return from China. Jerry Ford—it was said—is not dead politically, or anywhere near it. The fact, much as some of the goddamn reporters out there in the press room hate to admit it, is that things are picking up. Whatever you may think of the tax bill, the fact is that Congress did move toward the President's position. A lot of things—the tax bill, the energy bill, the (vetoed) construction picketing bill—have come to a crux or are getting near the crux. Many of the uncertainties and the appearance of *his* uncertainties that have made so much trouble for him are ended or ending. Wait for his State of the Union message and the legislative proposals that will follow it. They are very important. That message either will or won't be up to the opportunities and the challenge of this Bicentennial year. It ought to be a great message. I (the assistant speaking) believe it will be. Anyhow it and the legislative proposals will have Congress and the

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public reacting to the President, instead of the President reacting to them. That should be a plus.

A question often asked during these talks was, does the President appear to be concerned? The clearest answer, one that was similar to several others, went as follows: "If he is concerned, he doesn't show it. You have to understand, this man is a stoic. He has learned in 25 years (actually 27 years now) in politics not to fret, not to display his anxieties. He MUST be concerned. But he doesn't discuss or show it in ways that would upset his staff or upset him."

Two gut questions also got similar answers from every assistant they were put to. The first one was whether the President and the assistant in each particular conversation perceived that Mr. Ford simply was not projecting himself to the public as the decisive, strong-minded person that his assistants generally found him to be. The invariable answer was that the assistant indeed perceived it and worried about it and assumed but didn't know that the President did. The other gut question was whether the President will present himself to the Republican convention in Kansas City, seeking and expecting the nomination, regardless of what happens in the Republican primaries. The most emphatic of several similar answers was: "You can bet your last dollar that he will be there, asking for the nomination and getting it."

There were some variations—but no total dissents—from the generally conveyed impression of confidence in Gerald Ford and in his 1976 prospects. The most interesting variation, expressed in rather surprising quarters, was that the public impression of indecision at the top of the White House is neither entirely the doing of the media nor entirely false. According to the mildly negative view, Mr. Ford really is at times indecisive or, after a decision is made, more prone than any President should be to listen to a dissenting view from someone he trusts and thereupon change his mind and the decision, to the consternation of all concerned and to his considerable harm. A related and similarly secondary view—though a view held at high levels—is that the President is entirely too tolerant of backbiting and self-interested leaking of confidential information to favored reporters among some of his senior staff. Two examples are the leaks about who advised what during and after the dismissals of CIA Director William Colby and Defense Secretary James Schlesinger and the simultaneous removal of Henry Kissinger's status as assistant to the President for security affairs, and the unconscionable spectacle—described by me in this journal's December 20 issue—of Press Secretary Ron Nessen being not only allowed but encouraged to harass Henry Kissinger. I learned after the Nessen-Kissinger account appeared that Richard Cheney, the President's new chief of staff, stood beside Nessen on Air Force One during the flight from Peking to Jakarta while Nessen denounced reporters for "giving in to Henry" and making some legitimate changes in quotations of "a senior official" that Kissinger had requested. Cheney never uttered a word of disapproval of Nessen's conduct, then or later.

Two explanations of the President's and Kissinger's attitudes toward this sort of White House backbiting were heard during these inquiries. Mr. Ford was said to tolerate the Nessen sniping at Kissinger because he, the President, was confident that Kissinger understood that it doesn't mean a thing. The President's view was said to be that Kissinger knows that he continues to enjoy Mr. Ford's total confidence and therefore isn't bothered by the darts that come his way from White House people whom he regards as negligible pip-squeaks. Both at the White House and the State Department, Kissinger is said to be much less tolerant of the White House sniping than the President assumes he is, but also to believe that he in fact does have the President's unimpaired confidence and all the access to Mr. Ford that Kissinger's situation and problems require. My own impression and conviction are that the President seriously underestimates Henry Kissinger's sensitivity and the general effect, particularly upon other governments, that the continuing toleration of the sniping is having. Kissinger does a good deal to keep alive the notion that he is quite capable of quitting before Mr. Ford's present term is out. But that doesn't make it any less possible that the Secretary of State will quit rather than put up through 1976 with the combination of White House, congressional, media and private harassment that has become his lot.

There was more agreement than I expected with recent judgments that the quality of the Ford staff falls substantially short of what he needs. The usual response was that the President is well served in particular areas on particular matters but that somehow "we don't seem to work together very well." Several moves to improve the operation have been taken or are in prospect. Lt. Gen. Brent Scowcroft, Kissinger's successor as assistant for national security affairs, is beefing up the NSC staff section assigned to monitor intelligence agencies and activities for the President. Richard Cheney has added David Gergin, the last head of the Nixon writing staff, to the central White House staff, partly to assist Cheney in developing policy ideas and partly to do what he can, without invading the turf of Counselor Robert Hartmann, to sharpen up the President's major speeches. Informally and very discreetly, Counselor John Marsh—a former Virginia congressman with a standing on the Hill and in government that Cheney has yet to earn—is moving in as Cheney's coequal "backup" in staff administration. Serious re-thought is being given to whether it made sense for Mr. Ford to turn the direction of his key Domestic Council over to Vice President Rockefeller and Rockefeller men.

John Osborne

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The Oil Policy We Needed But Didn't Get

Too Little Too Late

by Robert Samuelson

Two years after the Arab oil embargo, America is still without an oil policy that deserves the name. There was a deceptive quality to the final bickering between the White House and Congress over the energy bill, because the essential element in an effective oil program—a stiff gasoline tax—had long before disappeared. In the end, the energy debate came down to a few pennies on the price of gasoline: down a couple of cents if the President signed Congress' legislation (which temporarily lowers the price of domestic oil), or up three to five cents if the President vetoed the measure. Selecting the least painless political alternative, the President decided to sign.

Differences between these alternatives bothered oil producers, but neither faced up to the central reality of the nation's oil problem—the automobile. Neither was likely to blunt consumption significantly, and, more importantly, neither contained a clear message to the public that fuel scarcity has become a permanent fact.

An air of unreality pervaded the energy debate. Meaningful measures (and to be effective, a gasoline tax would have had to be at least 20 cents, with, perhaps, later increases) were portrayed as stupendous sacrifices, almost without parallel in history, that were not to be asked of the public. If one wants to assess the blame for this, there are plenty of candidates: a President who deliberately constructed an energy policy so obscure and complicated that it was difficult to explain, let alone defend; a Congress which could not enact a realistic program of its own, but concentrated instead on embarrassing the White House; and a large number of economists who unimaginatively argued that energy problems should take a back seat to economic problems.

Consequently an opportunity (perhaps a unique one) was missed here: an opportunity to alter the consciousness of Americans and to convince them that they must convert dramatically to smaller cars (and that means subcompacts with four cylinder engines) not only to save energy, but also to preserve their mobility. It may seem fatuous to suggest that anything like that could have happened. Perhaps. Clearly the public really didn't want to hear the message. Energy policy is, as we have repeatedly learned in the past two years, a politician's nightmare. Painless (or riskless) alternatives rarely exist, and the rewards for sensible decisions often materialize five, 10 or 15 years into the future. Unfortunately the future has no constituency.

All that is true. But, for a brief moment, the embargo partially neutralized the underlying contradiction. The future was telescoped into the present. The "energy crisis," a media abstraction for most people, became a reality: waiting lines, fears of heating oil shortages and anguish over price increases. Faced with an obvious crisis, the public was listening, and the government had the chance—nothing more—to advance and adopt policies that in any other circumstances would have been inconceivable. Now the opportunity is gone. The "energy crisis" is back in the realm of abstraction.

One reason we have come to this juncture is that we continue to believe a series of ideas about our oil problems that sound plausible but are essentially wrong. These clichés result from political and journalistic necessity—the need to pose a program as a "solution" to a well-defined "problem." Unfortunately energy problems resist such easy explanation. Instead what we have is a series of messy dilemmas: if we want to cut down demand, we will either have to raise prices or shackle ourselves with a large bureaucracy to regulate conservation standards; if we don't cut down demand, we increase the prospects of shortages, raise our dependence on imports, and—needing more domestic energy—increase the pollution and safety hazards associated with other power sources, nuclear and coal; if we raise prices too much, we risk endangering economic growth, but if we resort to administrative controls, we may come to regret the arbitrariness, rigidity and increased influence-peddling that they inevitably mean. And *nothing* will soon insulate us from the effects of foreign embargoes or restore the international power that resulted from our former energy self-sufficiency.

Sponsoring any energy program, then, is an exercise in frustration, because no program could realistically promise a solution to any identifiable problem. To make such promises was to exaggerate—and exaggeration was a prominent feature of the energy debate—and to invite rapid refutation. That happened. It was an easy way for congressmen and White House officials to score points with the public against each other. In effect we have become prisoners of our own clichés and, if we want to understand why the post-embargo period has been so fruitless, we need to examine the validity of these tenets of conventional wisdom:

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1) Our fundamental oil problem is that we have become heavily dependent on foreign oil—and are becoming more so. This is a piece of jingoism that has wide appeal, and, understandably enough, it has been used by virtually everyone—the President, congressional leaders, oil companies—to justify whatever energy idea happens to be under discussion at the moment. Obviously it would be wonderful if we had unlimited domestic oil supplies, but the chances of achieving self-sufficiency are exceedingly small. Even if it did happen, the benefits are open to question.

Rather than foreign dependence, the real—and ultimate—oil problem is that we're going to run out of it. Printed below is a series of simple tables that illustrate both the difficulty of attaining independence and the impending exhaustion of our oil resources. The first table gives estimates of the total oil reserves left in the country. Of course, this is a matter of speculation. You can never know how much oil there is until it's discovered (or isn't discovered), and, first you have to look. We haven't yet looked everywhere. The table, then, lists various estimates of undiscovered oil, which, when combined with today's known reserves, produces the estimates of the total amount remaining. The next two tables show how quickly these estimated supplies would run down under varying assumptions—first that annual consumption doesn't increase from 1973's level; and second that consumption rises at a modest 2.5 percent annually. Either assumption constitutes a radical departure from the recent past; between 1965 and 1973, consumption increased at a compound rate of 5.2 percent. (In the tables, the sources of the estimates are: the National Petroleum Council, an oil industry group that advises the government; the National Academy of Sciences; M. K. Hubbert, a prominent geologist now retired from the US Geological Survey; and the Mobil Oil Corporation.)

Estimated Remaining Oil Resources in US

Source	Estimated Undiscovered Reserves (billions of barrels)	Total Remaining
NPC	154	217
Mobil	88	151
NAS	113	176
Hubbert	72	135

Assumption Number One:
No Increase in Annual Consumption

	No Imports	35 Per Cent Imports
	Year of Exhaustion	Year of Exhaustion
NPC	2009	2028
Mobil	1999	2012
NAS	2003	2018
Hubbert	1996	2008

Assumption Number Two:
2.5 Percent Increase in Annual Consumption

	No Imports	35 Percent Imports
	Year of Exhaustion	Year of Exhaustion
NPC	2000	2009
Mobil	1994	2001
NAS	1996	2004
Hubbert	1992	1999

Source: Senate Commerce Committee

Now, there's nothing sacrosanct about these numbers. Undiscovered reserves could prove to be more—or less—than the estimates. Then the oil would run out sooner or later. Consumption might be held down more successfully, or it might increase more rapidly. But the changes have to be massive—the amount of reserves must be doubled, or consumption must be cut deeply—to change the central conclusion: based on today's best guesses and today's estimates of recovery technology, the nation will exhaust its oil reserves somewhere between 1990 and 2030.

The important implication of these numbers for energy "independence" is the high level of imports assumed in the second column—35 percent. To put that in perspective, at the time of the embargo, imports constituted about 38 percent of US oil consumption. But a comparison with the embargo period really isn't apt, because our imports then included nearly one million barrels of Canadian oil. Worried about their own limited reserves, the Canadians have now reduced this to about 500,000 barrels daily; by the end of 1976, the inflow could be as low as 250,000 barrels, and the Canadians hope to phase out their exports to the US entirely by the end of 1981. So future imports will come increasingly from sources that appear unstable and "dangerous." The table indicates the dilemma: if we quickly try to become less dependent on imports by relying more on US oil, we will only drain our own limited supplies sooner, becoming more dependent later.

Suppose, however, that we were to become independent. So what? The Europeans and the Japanese will still rely heavily on imported oil. If another international showdown develops in which oil is used as a weapon—a likelihood of that is impossible to predict—the weapon need only be turned against Japan and Europe. If an embargo proved effective (another imponderable), would the United States sit passively while our major allies shut down their economies? In such a brutal confrontation, our own independence would be of only limited value.

2) The way to wean America from its thirst for oil is to promote mass transit. That sounds attractive—a quick way to push down the demand for oil. Unfortunately it won't work. More widespread use of transit (and, in most cases, that

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probably means buses, not rail) can assume some of the role of the car, but the geography of this country—not only the vast distances, but also the suburbanization of metropolitan areas—makes it impossible for mass transit to replace the automobile. Virtually everything—our shopping patterns, our work habits, and our social customs—depends, for better or worse, on the existence of *individualized* transportation. The prospect of losing individualized transportation is difficult to contemplate, and the possible disruptive impact is of tidal wave proportions. By comparison, the inconvenience and occasional hardship of the oil embargo would be a mere ripple.

Ultimately, then, the oil problem is the automobile or, more precisely, finding an alternate fuel for the automobile. For, unlike most other oil consumers—factories, utilities and homes, which can shift to coal, nuclear or solar power—the car is totally dependent on oil. There are potential substitutes. For example coal can be converted into menthanol, but such a shift would put enormous pressures on the coal industry, which is already having problems meeting projected demand. Even if we were content to import all our oil to satisfy the automobile, we should be wary of the assumption that the oil will be available. Other countries, too, face depletion of their reserves. The non-Communist world's proven reserves of oil now total about 600 billion barrels, or about 30 years' consumption (consumption is running nearly 20 billion barrels annually). Until the embargo, the rate of new discoveries wasn't increasing as rapidly as consumption. If consumption begins to increase and the discovery rate doesn't increase, a squeeze is inevitable. Even Exxon recently warned that "there is a good chance that by the late 1980s, oil supply—and therefore demand—will be limited by the availability of discovered resources."

In this situation, any sensible oil policy must attempt to give us the longest possible breathing space to master the difficult environmental and economic problems associated with converting the automobile to a non-oil fuel. We want to push out the date of depletion as far as possible. Because we don't know the extent of oil reserves, the only way to lengthen this time is to conserve: to convert as rapidly as possible to significantly smaller, more gas-efficient cars.

If that's the way to look at the long-term oil problem, it is also the way of looking at the short-run oil problem. Automobiles now represent about 40 percent of total oil consumption, but other users—although candidates for eventual conversion to other fuels—can't quickly be taken off oil. Utility boilers and home furnaces aren't discarded like paper towels. Their abandonment depends on physical deterioration or economic obsolescence, a process that may take 10 or 20 years. Artificial increases in the price of oil may hasten the speed of longterm conversion, but in the short run, such price increases are likely to be inflationary (higher costs passed along in higher prices) or cause genuine hardship (families going without heating oil, or businesses cutting back production). The quintupling of world oil prices probably prompted most of the "easy" conservation steps these consumers could make. Cars, on the other hand, have a relatively short life (about five to six years) before they are scrapped. Someone who trades in a car with a V-8 engine for a car with a four-cylinder engine is still getting the same basic service: transportation. If we want to save oil without shutting down our factories or risking electric power shortages, the path lies in more efficient cars—inducing the manufacturers to build them and the public to buy them. All this constitutes a persuasive case for sharply raising the price of gasoline. If we want people to buy more efficient cars, the motivation for them to do so must be there. Likewise, if we want to lure people back to mass transit (and we should), we will have to give them a reason for making the change—not just platitudes. The unpleasant fact is that mass transit has been losing patronage steadily since the end of World War II (the decline between 1963 and 1972, for example, was one third), and the reason, aside from increasing suburbanization, is economic: the real cost of owning and operating a car has steadily declined.

Instead of raising the price of gasoline relative to other fuels, we have actually been doing just the opposite. Although you wouldn't know it from reading the newspapers or listening to congressmen, the price of gasoline has increased less sharply since the embargo than other oil fuels. From October 1973 to now, the price of gasoline has risen about 50 percent; meanwhile jet fuel has gone up 115 percent, home heating oil has increased 70 percent, and diesel fuel has jumped 125 percent. There are a number of reasons for this disparity. First, gasoline, being a highly refined product, has always sold at relatively higher prices than most other oil fuels, because refining costs were higher. Thus higher crude oil prices—passed along roughly equally on all products—would cause a lower percentage increase for gasoline. The effect was compounded by the existence of the four cent per gallon federal excise tax (and similar state taxes), which also meant that the initial price was higher.

Indeed one goes back to 1966, one makes the somewhat startling discovery that the "real" price of gasoline—that is, gasoline prices adjusted for inflation—has hardly risen at all in a decade. According to the Federal Energy Administration, the real price of gasoline in 1966 was 33 cents and in 1974 it was 33.9 cents. Price wars actually reduced gasoline prices in the late '60s, and the increases of the last few years have only made up that lost ground. But, even considering these reductions, the rise of gasoline prices has not exceeded the general rate of inflation by very much. Between 1970 and 1974, the "real" price rose only about 10 percent. It should come as no surprise then that

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gasoline consumption is down less since 1973 than most other fuels; gasoline sales are now about equal with 1973's levels, though total crude oil consumption is down about six percent. Warm weather and the recession undoubtedly played a part in the diminished demand for industrial and heating fuels, but the mildness in the rise of gasoline prices also helps explain the pattern of consumption.

3) The world cannot live with the current high OPEC price of oil. Remember that? Well here we are nearly two years after the quintupling of oil prices, and the industrialized world—battered and bruised—is still functioning. The plain truth is that developed nations (though not the developing) can, and probably should, live with the current high price of oil without undue hardship. Oil is a wasting resource, but not many of the world's major nations—least of all the US—were treating it as such. Americans lived (and, to a large extent, still live) as if oil were inexhaustible. Though not many people like to admit such distasteful realities, the steep increase in oil prices has caused the world's major energy consumers to take many simple, necessary and desirable conservation steps that they never would have undertaken on their own. Even in the US oil consumption is still below 1973 levels.

Nor, as yet, have those huge OPEC monetary surpluses proved to be the time-bomb that they were once thought to be. Perhaps the pessimistic predictions will ultimately be vindicated, but so far a number of factors have defused the timebomb. First, the high price of oil, coupled with the worldwide recession, has held down the demand for oil and, simultaneously, the oil countries' revenues. Second, and more important, the oil producers' ability to spend their new riches has exceeded expectations. According to estimates by Morgan Guaranty Trust Co., the OPEC surplus (that is, the excess of their export and investment income over their import spending) declined by an estimated 50 percent in 1975 (from $65 billion in 1974 to about $36 billion). Next year Morgan expects the surplus to continue to shrink, and, by 1980, assuming annual oil price increases of about seven percent, to disappear.

The genuine danger lies not in the high price of oil *per se*, but in the prospect that OPEC will exert a permanently destabilizing and inflationary influence on the world economy. That could happen if OPEC repeatedly increases oil prices sharply (*i.e.*, well above Morgan's seven percent average). OPEC's disruptive potential lies not only in the direct impact of high oil prices—and their ripple effect throughout the economy—but also in the direct consequences resulting from actions taken by government to offset the effects of higher prices. As many economists have pointed out, a big price increase tends to act like a tax increase. Consumers and businesses suddenly find their spending power reduced, but oil producers don't necessarily spend all their new revenues immediately. This loss of purchasing power threatens to slow down the economy or create a recession. To offset that tendency, many economists have suggested the government cut taxes (or increase spending) and relax credit.

That sounds fine, but there's a problem. The money spent for higher oil prices ultimately does lead to higher spending: the oil nations import more, or they invest their money. A rise in oil prices is intended to transfer real resources—manufactured goods, food, technical services—from oil consuming nations to oil producing nations. If consuming governments try to deny this—by permanently maintaining their own domestic purchasing power—the consequences are likely to be inflationary: both consumers and oil producers will be competing for the same goods. The resulting dilemma is clear: to ignore the impact of a large OPEC price increase is to allow the economy to be "stopped" with every big price jump; but to take offsetting actions—which may not be able to be undone quickly—is to inject a latent source of inflation into the economy.

In practice, this agonizing choice is likely to materialize only if OPEC succeeds in pushing through large price increases on a regular basis. No one knows the likelihood of this. On the one hand the rapid erosion of the surplus revenues of many OPEC nations—including Iran, Libya, Algeria and Nigeria—has compounded the pressures for higher prices. But the pressures don't occur in a vacuum, and the ultimate outcome depends on OPEC's internal politics, the political situation in the Mideast, the cohesion of the consuming nations, new oil discoveries in and outside OPEC, and the goals of Saudi Arabia.

With 160 billion barrels of estimated reserves—or about 25 percent of the non-Communist world total—Saudi Arabia is the key, and its position is extraordinarily delicate. It has more money than it can spend. Acceding to pressures for higher prices would satisfy its OPEC partners, but at what gain? For, aside from the Saudis' traditional conservative and pro-Western outlook, there are a number of factors that appear to counsel for stable prices, or at least, only small increases. The Saudis' political interest in a favorable settlement for the Arabs in the Arab-Israeli conflict is well known. Yet the weapons at their disposal to prod the US to influence Israel are limited. Basically they are three: an embargo; a big oil price increase; and the threat of these things. Developments since the Yom Kippur War do not appear to have made an embargo any easier. Just as we have become "hooked" on oil, so now are most of the oil producing nations becoming "hooked" on their oil revenues—and the projects that these revenues are financing. With OPEC now operating well below capacity, an embargo by Saudi Arabia and a number of its Persian Gulf neighbors (Kuwait and the United Arab Emirates) could very well be undermined by other OPEC nations. Seeking to augment their revenues, they would increase production as much as possible. This happened during the

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1973 embargo (when OPEC had little spare capacity) and as the following table indicates, the potential is now much greater.

	Oil Production	Capacity (August, 1975)	% of Shut-in Capacity
	In thousands of barrels per day		
Algeria	900	1,000	10
Iraq	2,260	2,600	13.1
Kuwait	1,960	3,500	44.0
Libya	2,100	3,000	30
Qatar	410	700	41.1
Saudi Arabia	8,210	11,500	28.6
United Arab Emirates	1,870	2,400	22.1
Subtotal, Arab OPEC	17,710	24,700	28.3
Ecuador	210	240	12.5
Gabon	210	250	16.0
Indonesia	1,380	1,700	18.8
Iran	5,510	6,500	15.2
Nigeria	1,760	2,500	29.6
Venezuela	2,280	3,100	26.5
Subtotal, non-Arab OPEC	11,350	14,290	20.6
Total OPEC	29,060	38,990	25.5

Source: Central Intelligence Agency

To make an embargo successful, Saudi Arabia needs to increase oil demand. More steep price increases will not do that. Likewise using the oil price weapon indiscriminately might exhaust its usefulness. If a tacit understanding exists between the US and Saudi Arabia that the US will maintain pressure on Israel in return for Saudi moderation on oil, a series of large price increases—taken without regard to diplomatic developments involving Israel—risks rupturing that understanding.

None of this precludes another whopping price increase. If the last five years have taught us anything, it is that one can't predict what OPEC will attempt to do next. Our interest in restraining the growth of imports, however, should be clear: the greater the gap between OPEC's actual production and its full productive capacity, the more ineffective any embargo; likewise, the greater the gap, the greater the pressure on the Saudis to restrain future price increases. This means that lowering domestic oil prices is the wrong way to move; to do so is to encourage more consumption and imports—and, therefore, higher world oil prices. Nor should we really want a dramatic break in OPEC's prices, for such a break would probably be only temporary: consumption would accelerate, and in a tight market the cartel could reestablish itself. Barring immense discoveries outside OPEC, the concentration of oil reserves and oil power in the hands of a few producers is a fact-of-life that simply must be accepted and dealt with. Our interest lies more in price stability than price reduction.

4) The nation's future oil supply depended heavily on what Congress decided to do about "decontrolling" oil prices. The irony of the energy debate is that the President committed his reputation and political capital to an issue whose ultimate significance is secondary: ending federal price controls on oil. Not that decontrol is the monster that it's been made out to be. It isn't. Some sort of decontrol has probably always been inevitable, and it will almost certainly result in additional domestic oil production. That's desirable. However with or without decontrol, prices in 1985 will be just about the same; and, with or without decontrol, the nation's dependence on foreign oil will still be heavy.

Throughout the energy debate, crude oil fell into three major price categories—imported oil (where prices were fixed by OPEC), domestic oil not subject to federal price controls, and controlled domestic oil. Uncontrolled oil sold at about $12.50 a barrel and consisted of oil in excess of 1972 production, plus oil that has been released from controls (small stripper wells producing less than 10 barrels a day are exempt, and for every barrel of "new" oil brought into production, oil companies were allowed to exempt a barrel of "old" oil from controls). Collectively, only about 40 percent of US oil came from "old" oil sold at the controlled price of $5.25 per barrel. With the two dollar import fee imposed by President Ford early in the year, imported oil had risen to about $14 per barrel by the end of the summer, and the composite price of a barrel of oil—the average of imports, "controlled" and "decontrolled" oil—was almost $11.

The important thing to remember, however, is that this situation wasn't static, and, whatever Congress did, the proportion of low-priced controlled oil was bound to fall. The controlled oil comes from the US's older fields, where production is declining and will continue to decline. As this happens, the volume of $5.25 per barrel fuel will drop. Since the Arab embargo, for example, US oil production has declined from about 9.1 million barrels daily to about 8.4 million barrels. The declines, obviously, are occurring in the old fields.

The President's program had two objectives: first, to prolong production from these older fields by making it more attractive for producers to apply expensive secondary and tertiary recovery techniques; and second, to dampen consumer demand for oil by raising the price. There is nothing wrong with this logic, but the effects of decontrol—by itself—aren't that great over the long run. FEA's own estimate indicates that decontrol will probably result in about 1.2 million barrels of additional daily production by 1985, assuming OPEC oil prices don't increase any faster than inflation. With about a 20 percent increase in the real

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price of oil, FEA forecast a 2.8 million barrel increase. Such estimates are necessarily imprecise, and the 2.8 million figure looks suspiciously high. But, even if it isn't, the increases are only temporary: it's squeezing the last oil out of old fields. Again, it is surely better to have Americans producing that oil than to pay OPEC for it, but—although billions of dollars are at stake here—the additional oil won't change the basic nature of the oil problem.

As for blunting the growth of consumption, there might be some effect here, too, but over the next decade, it isn't likely to be that important. One way or another, most of the "old" oil is gone by 1985, and thus, prices will be about the same with or without decontrol. Neither the President nor his congressional opponents like to mention this, because it makes the fighting of the last year look ridiculous. The main difference between the White House and the Democratic Congress was timing. Against that background, had the White House initially proposed a phased decontrol program—always with the threat that rejection by Congress would result in immediate decontrol—it might have minimized the political fireworks over the issue.

Instead, by fighting over decontrol, the President and the Congress have spent most of their time arguing over what is, in effect, a Maginot Line oil policy. The necessary target of any oil policy is the automobile. The President obviously didn't want to say this in simple, plain language. The only reasonable explanation of the President's complicated, convoluted plan (the two dollar import fee, plus decontrol) is that it represented an elaborate attempt to avoid any proposal that might be labelled a gasoline tax. Almost from the moment he inherited the White House, President Ford exhibited a diabolical delight in knifing suggestions (from almost all his top energy advisers) for a gasoline tax. He may have reasoned that such a direct assault on so cherished an American institution as the car would be doomed to failure.

Perhaps. Unfortunately, the alternative—on political grounds—was worse. By embracing decontrol as the centerpiece of his program, the President appeared to be fronting for Big Oil. More importantly because any plan to raise oil prices generally (the President's plan) would also have to raise gasoline prices, the White House's proposal was assured opposition from anyone who would oppose a gasoline tax—motorists, auto workers and Detroit. However, in addition, it was also assured the opposition of other users of oil and their elected representatives: New England governors (worried about a big jump in heating oil prices), airlines, petrochemical companies, utilities, truckers, railroads and city and state officials (whose own utility and heating bills would be raised). These groups would not necessarily have opposed a gasoline tax, but, predictably, they fought the administration's plan. And, if the President believed that he might avoid some unpopularity by skirting a gasoline tax, he was surely mistaken. Most people could not fathom all the details of the President's program and were likely to see it as a gasoline tax anyway (that's certainly how the newspaper headlines treated it).

5) *There was a natural and inherent conflict between sound economic policy and a sound energy policy.* Probably more than any other idea, this was seized upon by congressmen looking for a respectable excuse to vote against something they wanted to vote against anyway. The argument was plausible: if oil prices were raised, then the resulting inflationary impact would curb total consumer spending and undermine the recovery. And the message was boomed forth loudly by many economists, particularly liberal Democrats, whose advice (when stripped of all those protective qualifications) basically boiled down to this: the economy is in such poor condition that energy problems ought to be forgotten for the moment.

In a narrow sense, the economists were right. A phased decontrol program was better than the President's proposal. Even if tax rebates—also proposed by the President—could offset the depressing effect of a large, immediate boost in oil prices, the tax refunds could not eliminate the inflationary and psychological impact of raising all oil prices in one sudden burst. Phased decontrol would spread this shock. But, having poked holes in the President's approach, most economists did little to advance imaginative alternatives. Perhaps they feared unpopularity as much as anyone else? Their conventional analysis—concentrating almost exclusively on government spending and credit policies failed to address the plight of the automobile industry and to see the interconnection between the auto industry's catastrophic slump (one reason for the severity of the recession) and energy policy.

In 1974, auto executives, jolted by both the embargo and the increase in oil prices, faced two basic problems. First, a significant part of their underlying investment—the tooling for large-size cars and engines—was threatened by the new market situation, which had shriveled the demand for these cars. And second, the auto executives didn't really know what kind of new cars to offer as replacements. Should they concentrate on reducing the size and weight of existing model cars, a strategy that would achieve large, but not dramatic, gains in gasoline efficiency (and would also preserve much of the existing plant investment)? Or, should they commit substantial funds—running into the hundreds of millions of dollars—for new tooling to produce significantly smaller cars: subcompacts with four-cylinder engines?

In the main, the auto executives appear to have selected the first alternative. Cars have been slimmed (and, in the 1977 model year, will be slimmed further), and there has been a large percentage increase in

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gasoline efficiency—from a sales-weighted average of 13.9 miles per gallon in 1974 to 17.6 miles per gallon for the 1976 cars. These overall figures include imports, but the gains for the American manufacturers have also been large (for GM, average miles per gallon has risen from 12 to 16.6; for Ford, from 14.2 to 17.3; and for Chrysler, from 13.7 to 16.4). Yet these increases fall far short of the dramatic improvements that are possible, and the shift towards more four-cylinder engine cars—where the truly significant gas savings are to be had—has been slow. At the time of the embargo, the estimated capacity of US manufacturers to build four-cylinder engines was about one million units annually, with only Ford and GM having such capability. Since the embargo, only one new four-cylinder engine line has been built—by GM in Flint, Michigan to power the new Chevette. Meanwhile the other two major manufacturers appear to be hesitating and agonizing. Both have said they will introduce new subcompacts (Ford in early 1977; Chrysler, probably in the fall of 1977), but are wondering whether demand will be sufficient to justify the huge investment in new plants here. The engines, at least, may be imported by both companies.

One can sneer at such indecisiveness, but with hundreds of millions at stake, the wavering is understandable. What the auto makers needed in 1974—and what they need now—is a sense of certainty about their market: a clear signal that the demand for new cars will shift decisively to much smaller subcompacts. That signal could have been provided by a large increase in the gasoline tax, perhaps phased over three or four years to allow an opportunity for the auto makers to retool. Perhaps, in the short run, a tax increase would have further depressed sales for larger cars, but if it did, there might have been a corresponding increase in the demand for smaller cars. And, over a period of the next five or six years, the heightened demand for small cars would have helped speed and sustain the industry's recovery. The energy savings are obvious. Yet, not many economists made this connection, and their inattention contributed to a climate in which no significant legislation was likely.

(Because the direct effect on consumers' incomes is fairly easy to determine, the depressing impact of a gasoline tax can be easily offset: if you raise one tax, you can lower another. The frequently made charge that such a policy would have hit the poor the hardest was another triumph of rhetoric over reality. In 1973, almost half of the "poor" families—based on US Census Bureau definition—didn't own a car. By contrast, almost 80 percent of the families with incomes exceeding $16,000 had two or more cars. Any policy that encouraged mass transit would probably help the poor most—because they use it most— and the tax rebates could have been skewed towards the poor.)

To be fair, the bill passed by Congress made a superficial attempt to deal with automobile fuel economy. The bill prescribed fuel economy standards and corresponding fines if the manufacturers didn't meet them (the fine would be $50 per car for every mile per gallon in fuel efficiency that the manufacturer's average car fell below the standard). Congress set the standard at 18 miles per gallon in 1978, 19 mpg in 1979, and 20 mpg in 1980; then, leaving the Secretary of Transportation responsible for establishing "maximum" feasible fuel economy levels for 1981 to 1984, Congress set the 1985 target at 27.5 mpg.

The problem with this ought to be obvious: you can force the manufacturers to build smaller cars, but you can't force consumers to buy them. Faced with steadily rising new car prices—and shrinking size—consumers might simply decide to hold onto their older cars slightly longer. Sooner or later, of course, they would have to trade them in, but, in the meantime, the auto manufacturers would be left in limbo. Diminished sales might impair their financial ability to underwrite the very changes mandated by law.

It makes little difference whether this problem is real or imaginary, because the auto manufacturers are likely to think it is real. Therefore they are likely to resist the standards, and that will make the goals more difficult to reach. That improvements cannot simply be ordained is a lesson that Congress ought to have learned from its auto pollution and safety legislation. And the 1985 gasoline standard, if not unrealistic, is highly optimistic. It implies an almost complete conversion of the industry. To grasp the extent of the likely change, all you have to do is to look at this year's fuel economy results for small cars. Most laymen would probably agree that most of the foreign manufacturers offer predominantly "small" model cars. Yet of the foreign companies, only two—Subaru and Honda—meet the 1985 standards this year. Volkswagen was slightly below (27 mpg) as were Nissan (25.9) and Toyota (25). Given the immense transformation envisioned for Detroit, how much easier it would be if the industry felt that the preponderance of consumer demand had shifted in the same direction, too.

But Congress wanted the best of both worlds: the credit for having embraced "energy conservation" without the unpopularity of voting a gasoline tax. So it set laudable goals, avoided creating a climate in which the goals might be met, and assigned the dirty business of making it all happen anyway to the Secretary of Transportation. This is a formula for guaranteed frustration and conflict to which the Congress frequently resorts when confronted with difficult problems. You can almost imagine the scene in the middle of 1983 or 1984: a series of congressional hearings; the auto manufacturers aren't close to the standard; congressmen are sweating under the glare of the television lights; the congressmen appear bothered and upset, and, in self-righteous tones, angrily question the auto executives and the Secretary of Transporta-

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tion, who are made to look like idiots and incompetents. No one will remember, of course, that much of the problem was created by Congress' failure to act in 1975.

There should, however, be no illusion. A realistic oil policy consisted basically of two parts—a gradual decontrol (to assure maximum production), and a stiff gas tax. But even had Congress and the White House enacted such a policy, the results would not have been dramatic. Changes in consumption patterns occur slowly; that is one reason it is important to begin as soon as possible. There are already 100 million cars on the road, and, with the natural growth in population, the pressures for more driving increase every year. Not all those cars can or will be replaced immediately, and some of the savings will be offset by the addition of new drivers. Likewise new mass transit services cannot be expected to materialize overnight.

According to estimates of the FEA, even a 40 cent gasoline tax would save only about 600,000 barrels of oil immediately, with the savings rising to 1.6 million barrels after 10 years. A number of officials at the Department of Transportation feel that the 10th year estimate may be too low. That estimate apparently assumes that motorists who cut down on their driving in the first year will increase it again when they have smaller, more economical cars; on the contrary, DOT officials argue, by the 10th year, driving habits may have permanently changed. But the truth is that no one knows, and all the computer analyses in the world constitute only a sophisticated form of guessing.

The only refuge in all of this is common sense and caution. No one really knows what oil demand will be in 1985. It may be 20 million barrels daily (against about 17 million today), or it may be a million or two more or less. Until the economic recovery has proceeded many more months and we've had a cold winter, we will not know how much of the last two years' "savings" was real and how much artificial. Likewise, no matter what we do, we can no longer insulate ourselves entirely against embargoes, the economic shock of huge price increases, or the environmental costs of seeking more energy. The best the White House and Congress could have done was to push us forcefully in the right direction, but they didn't do it.

Are the Soviets Ahead?

Handicapping the Arms Race

by Barry M. Blechman

The United States will spend almost twice as much for defense in the current fiscal year, 1976, as it did in 1964. But the increase is more apparent than real. After inflation is taken account of, and if parts of the budget (like pensions for retired military personnel) that contribute little to military capabilities are taken out of the calculation, quite a different trend emerges: real military spending has declined by about 20 percent in the past 12 years. This decline represents a major change in the nation's priorities. During the same 12-year period, US defense expenditures fell from 8.3 percent of the gross national product and 43 percent of federal outlays, to about 5.8 percent of GNP and 25 percent of the federal budget.

Conversely US intelligence agencies estimate that Soviet military spending has been increasing steadily. Assessments vary, but a good guess seems to be that Soviet defense spending has risen between three and four percent each year, for a cumulative real increase of perhaps 40 percent between 1964 and 1976. As a result there has been a marked change in relative US-Soviet military spending. US defense expenditures, which exceeded those of the Soviet Union by about 20 percent in 1964, are now only about 70 percent of the Soviet total.

The specific extent of the change in relative spending is a matter of dispute. The accuracy of the estimates and the methodology employed to get them have been challenged. But there is no doubt about the direction of the trend: the United States is spending less, and the Soviet Union is spending more; and that has been going on for about a dozen years.

Have these contrasting budgetary trends resulted in important changes in the military balance, or will they soon? And if the balance has been seriously affected,

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does that imply adverse consequences for US foreign policy and for maintaining a relatively stable international political system in the years ahead? On the first question, the facts are clear. There have been important changes—adverse ones. It is true that much of the additional Soviet spending was made necessary by the build-up on the Chinese border. While the United States shifted its military planning from buying forces sufficient to fight two major wars simultaneously to forces adequate for one war, the USSR saw a need to move in the opposite direction. Nonetheless, over the past 12 years, Soviet military capabilities, relative to those of the United States, have improved markedly in three important arenas.

The most dramatic change has occurred in the *strategic nuclear balance*, where the Soviet Union has moved from gross inferiority to rough parity. For example, in 1965, the US held roughly 7-to-1 edge in total equivalent megatonnage—the best static measure of the destructive potential of nuclear weapons. The ratio is now about 1.3-to-1 in favor of the Soviet Union and is likely to increase in the years ahead. The United States still retains a number of advantages in strategic nuclear capabilities. For example, the US lead in the number of independently targetable warheads is still about 3.5-to 1. But Soviet mastery of multiple warhead technology and other advances now emerging from its research program promise to close these remaining gaps during the next decade.

In Europe additional Soviet military spending has been used mainly to improve the quality of the forces deployed there. (The Soviet Union did add five divisions to its Eastern European deployment at the time of the Czech invasion, and has kept them there.) The Soviet military has introduced new kinds of weaponry, such as self-propelled artillery and mobile air defenses. It has increased the number of armored fighting vehicles assigned to each division, and generally has modernized its equipment. In the near future it seems likely that the main area for improvement will be the Soviet tactical air forces—the newest aircraft now entering the Soviet inventory are far more capable than their predecessors. Overall, while there has not been any sudden or dramatic shift in the military balance in Europe, many US and West European defense planners fear that NATO's conventional force posture is becoming increasingly less credible. Should these concerns be transmitted to political leaders—and there are some signs that such a process may be underway—it could raise serious problems for the alliance over time. At the recent NATO meetings, the Socialist governments of Western Europe seemed particularly apprehensive that a diminished American military presence might encourage the Soviets and further strain détente.

Finally *the naval balance*. Here the Soviets have been pursuing a steady program to improve the quality of their fleet. The Soviet navy does seem to have been designed mainly to counter the threats posed to the USSR by Western sea-based strike forces—aircraft carriers and strategic submarines. Moreover the United States retains significant advantages in naval power, notably in sea-based aviation. Nonetheless there has been a marked change in relative naval capabilities over the past 12 years that may have important implications for the future success of US foreign policy. While the USSR has not yet developed a large marine corps with amphibious ships and sea-based air power to back it up, the Soviets have the missile-equipped aircraft and submarines in some regions, like the Eastern Mediterranean, to make the United States think twice before intervening with its own forces.

Of what political significance is all this ? Two schools of thought have developed. A "minimalist" discounts the political significance of these changes in the military balance, stressing three factors:

1.) The overriding deterrent effect of the risk of nuclear war. Awareness of the devastation that would accompany a major nuclear exchange has had a sobering effect on the behavior of the superpowers. The fear of nuclear war (even the fear of precipitating a situation in which the likelihood of nuclear war might increase) has caused both superpowers to behave prudently . . . most of the time. Insofar as nothing has happened that promises to end either superpower's ability to destroy the other, should the worst occur, a "minimalist" believes that this restraint is likely to continue. He thus can discount changes in the military balance—*and particularly those in the sector in which change has been most dramatic: the strategic nuclear balance.*

2.) Accommodation in Europe. Here the "minimalist" points mainly to the settlement of past disputes. So what if Soviet military capabilities in Europe are improving, what is there to fight about? The USSR has its buffer zone in Eastern Europe, legitimized at Helsinki this past summer. Germany has apparently given up any thoughts of unification. The Soviet Union has access to the West's capital, technology and food. Risk all that, and more? For what? Certainly not for the fulfillment of an old ideological dream.

3.) The relative insignificance of the superpowers' policies generally, and their armed forces specifically, in determining the course of world affairs. On this point, the "minimalist" emphasizes that for many reasons—nationalism, the global revolution in communications, economic interdependence, the nuclear standoff—crises come and go in world affairs with relatively little effective intervention by the superpowers. In effect, and with few exceptions, the outcomes of local conflicts seem to depend mainly on the relative strengths of local actors. Vietnam demonstrated that conclusively, the "minimalist" says. And if the proposition is not true, how then, for example, does one explain the erosion of the Soviet position in Egypt at precisely the time when Soviet military power in the region was most on the

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upswing? To the degree that the superpowers do have influence, this view continues, it is likely to depend far more on economic policies, on diplomacy, and on intangible factors like the personalities of their leaders and the wisdom of their policies, than on changes in the military balance.

A "maximalist," one who sees grave political significance in the shift in the military balance, probably finds little to quarrel with in these three points. He is far less sanguine about the future, however, believing as he does that the present fairly equable state of world affairs depends on deliberate policy choices by the USSR. In short, he believes that if things appear calm now, they are only so because the Soviet Union has chosen to keep them that way. And he believes that should the past 10-year trend in the military balance continue for much longer, there will be less restraint in Soviet behavior. The Soviet role in the October 1973 war in the Middle East may be a case in point, he argues. The lack of progress in the negotiations to formally control the military balance in Europe—the MBFR talks—may be another, and the blatant Soviet intervention in Angola a third.

Moreover the "maximalist" is more skeptical about nuclear restraint. If sufficient advantage accrues to the USSR in strategic power, he believes, it will be used, maybe not in a physical sense, but at least in direct support of Soviet policy through nuclear blackmail. Most of all, the "maximalist" sees the changing military balance as a symbol of changing wills. He interprets the United States' reluctance to spend more on defense as a sign of its weariness, its growing isolationism, its overriding preoccupation with individual pursuits. And he believes that military and political leaders in the Soviet Union interpret it in the same way. Conversely he views continuing increases in Soviet military spending as tangible evidence of ominous Soviet intentions, of the very restrictive interpretation that the Soviets place on détente, and of their continuing belief in the inevitability of conflict.

My own view falls somewhere between these two obviously caricatured extremes. Aggregate budgetary comparisons are not very meaningful; for one thing the approach rewards inefficiency. If both nations had precisely the same military capability, the less efficient military establishment would have the larger budget. Nor do I believe that the competition in strategic nuclear weapons is very significant. So long as our secure retaliatory capability is not in question, the maintenance of rough overall parity is quite sufficient to ensure that nuclear weapons do not play a role in the resolution of international conflict. Finally there is little reason to match Soviet involvement in remote corners of the globe. Neither Soviet adventures in Angola, nor the establishment of Soviet bases in Somalia, threaten important US interests. And in all likelihood, just as we so painfully learned in Southeast Asia, the cost of these forays to the Russians will soon exceed any possible benefit.

On the other hand there is nothing to be gained, and potentially much to be lost, by ignoring changes in the military balance. The Soviet military build-up has now passed the point where it could be attributed solely to their quest for equality. Nor can it any longer be lightly passed off as the price the political leadership has had to pay to the Soviet military for a relatively restrained foreign policy. And even if it could, one wonders how long the now expanded military would remain content.

The time has come to expect a sign from the USSR of its seriousness about reaching accommodations with the West—a tangible sign in the form of unilateral restraint in its military expansion. To the degree that there is a US-Soviet arms race today, the pace is set by the USSR. If the Soviets abhor such competition, as they say they do, it is up to Soviet leaders to give meaning to their words. In the absence of such a sign, I think that prudence alone would call for a response from the United States; a demonstration of willingness to compete in those areas most important to US-Soviet relations: Europe and the Middle East. It is not the United States' capacity to match pertinent advances in Soviet military capabilities that is in question; it is our will to do so. In light of the strident internal discord over Southeast Asia, the continuing imbroglio between Congress and the executive over foreign policy, the virtual paralysis of the presidency within the past few years, questioning should not be unexpected. Changes in the military balance in Europe and the Middle East only heighten these concerns, however. Pointed changes in the US defense budget and military posture might go a long way toward dispelling doubts.

Such a move need not imply an increase in the defense budget. There are sectors of US military spending in which further cuts could be made, sectors that still operate inefficiently or that still fund forces inappropriate for conflicts that are likely to be faced in the years ahead. Yet other sectors, *particularly those that finance conventional forces appropriate for European and Middle Eastern contingencies*, deserve new emphasis. Such moves should include a continuance, and an elaboration, of the changes in the US military posture in Europe prompted by the Nunn amendment and instituted by former Secretary of Defense James R. Schlesinger. And they should also include accelerated modernization schedules for certain kinds of military hardware, as well as far-reaching reforms in the structure of some components of the armed forces.

It is only by demonstrating our ability to match *pertinent* advances in Soviet military capabilities within *realistic* budget ceilings, that Soviet leaders will come to understand the futility, and the dangers, of the present competition. And we can only attain that objective by reordering our military priorities so as to emphasize those forces that would be applicable in the contingencies likely to be encountered in the years ahead.

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Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Barry Lyndon

(Warner Bros.)

Stanley Kubrick began professional life as a photographer and has lately been reverting to his first career. His new film *Barry Lyndon* very nearly accommodates Zeno's paradox of motion: it seems to remain—at least for long periods—in one place while actually it is moving ahead. Kubrick has produced three hours and four minutes of pictures.

For these increasingly static interests of his, the present day will not serve. His last two films, *2001* and *A Clockwork Orange* probed the future. He then announced plans to do a giant work on Napoleon. That project fell through, and Kubrick went even further into the past. He chose the first and possibly the worst of Thackeray's novels, *Barry Lyndon*.

Published in 1844, the novel is set a century earlier: it leads up to and away from the Seven Years War, 1756-63. A handsome young Irishman named Redmond Barry believes (mistakenly) that he has killed a man in a duel over a girl; flees his village; is robbed of the money given him by his mother; and joins the army in order to live. Life turns the romantic impulsive youth into a scheming adventurer. Experiences with the army in Germany lead to desertion, masquerade and eventually to marriage with a rich and lovely young widow, Lady Lyndon. After some years in which he nearly bankrupts her, he gets thrown out along with his fellow-leech, his adoring mother.

For Thackeray this novel proved to be a kind of dry run through the moral landscape of the incomparably superior *Vanity Fair*. But *Barry Lyndon* sets itself up as a target for Walter Bagehot's famous barb that Thackeray spent his time amassing "petty details to prove that tenth-rate people were ever striving to be ninth-rate people."

Why was Kubrick interested in this book? I infer, not by remote psychoanalysis but from what we are shown on screen, that the warping of innocence by experience was not the concern of his screenplay. We are *told* by the narrator (Michael Hordern), whose voice is important in the proceedings, that Barry became skillful in chicanery and guile. We see nothing of this process, any more than we see him become skillful in the swordsmanship he later displays. All through the film we are *told* a great deal about the changes in Barry's character; we see only his actions before and after. There is an intermission in this long film, and I can only assume that some of those important changes take place while we are out in the rest rooms.

Kubrick's lack of concern with his protagonist is underscored by his casting of Ryan O'Neal as Barry. This lump, this noodle is meant to embody youth and high spirits, daring and deviltry, courage and susceptibility to the ways of cunning, all with a heart of at least some gold underneath, as shown by his love for his little son and his grief when the boy is killed. For all these qualities O'Neal supplies one expression through most of the picture, occasionally varied. Yes! you actually see that expression change sometimes! And as the O'Neal features are not very striking to begin with, we can only assume that Kubrick's concern lay elsewhere—an assumption heightened by the sound of O'Neal's accent, pure American only slightly disguised, juxtaposed with the accents of the several good Irish and English actors in the cast.

Nor was Kubrick much concerned about Lady Lyndon or he would not have cast the role with an egregiously untalented ex-model named Marisa Berenson. True she has appeared in films before (*Death in Venice, Cabaret*), but she is still nothing but a piquant high-fashion face.

What, then, has interested Kubrick here? Well, for one thing, he has been interested in developing, with a German optical firm, a fast-action lens that would permit him to shoot candlelit scenes by candlelight. And very mellow that light is, too. He has been busy scouting beautiful locations in England and Ireland and Germany. He has been dreaming up ways to deploy armies—possibly some arrangements left over from his Napoleon project. He has been working with his gifted art director Ken Adam (who did *Dr. Strangelove*) and John Alcott (who did *A Clockwork Orange*) to set a visual texture. In short he seems to have chosen *Barry Lyndon* because it gave him the chance to create a series of exquisite period pictures. But if you gave your nephew Willie $11 million, which is what the thing cost, and a first-rate staff, he could imitate 18th century paintings, too.

A certain lame rationale is soon apparent in Kubrick's method. Many sequences begin with a close shot of an object or person, then the camera pulls back slowly to set the initial subject in a vast environment. Over and over again this strophe is repeated. When it's not used, often a sequence *begins* with the subject in the middle distance of a broad vista. Kubrick has opted strongly for context as subject, possibly to create a tension between the heavenly serenity of the places and the intrigue-cum-butchery they contain, or possibly in the dubious belief that this perspective works against Romantic subjectivity and toward classical perspective. (But then why does he use so much Schubert on his sound-track?)

Even this method might have had some limited result if Kubrick showed any sense of rhythmic force—in effect, some awareness of the viewer's presence. Mile after mile of countryside rolls before us, scene after scene is played with a lengthy pause after almost every line. (I can hardly remember a cue that was promptly "picked up.") Scene after scene is written as extendedly as possible. For example: near the end

Films Worth Seeing

Dog Day Afternoon. Al Pacino incisive as homosexual bank robber in grimy-comic, finally fuzzy factual story.

The Magic Flute. One can disagree with Ingmar Bergman's concept of Mozart's opera, but his filming of it is genius.

One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest. Jack Nicholson is tremendous and every actor is good in this dubious allegory set in a mental hospital.

The Sunshine Boys. Walter Matthau and George Burns, as two veteran vaudevillians, make you collapse with laughter until Neil Simon's script collapses.

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Lady Lyndon's steward comes to tell the injured Barry and his mother that his employer is forcing a harsh choice on them. With the aid of the narrator Kubrick could have put the steward in the bedside chair at the beginning of the scene, stating his terms, and the result would not only have been more pointed but more ironic. Instead we are forced to go through the pointless entry of the steward into the room, his greeting of the pair, an offer to him of tea, his declining, an invitation to him to sit, and so on—all this after nearly three hours of film. I can only think that Kubrick thinks that 18th-century grace means dawdling.

He has used some good actors: Marie Kean of the Abbey Theater as Barry's mother; Leonard Rossiter, celebrated for his Arturo Ui, as Captain Quin; the veteran André Morell as Lord Wendover; Patrick Magee, that connoisseur of the bizarre, as the Chevalier Baribari, Barry's mentor in duplicity. (Thackeray called him Balibari, derived from the village of Ballybarry, and made him Barry's uncle. Kubrick alters both these things, for some reason, thus rendering Barry's behavior when he meets the man much harder to understand.) But the better the actors are, the more they are hampered by the two leading people, by Kubrick's pace, and his emphasis elsewhere. Rarely has a film taken so long to achieve so little.

Sometimes we are told, and sometimes by Kubrick himself, that to dissent from the mode of his recent work is to show a "literary" bias, to lack response to cinema as such. My view is precisely the opposite. All this museum-imitation of 18th-century painters, all this adoration of the sheerly photographic seems to me destructive of the vitality and uniqueness of the *whole* film art, a kind of esthetic echolalia in the middle of a vast new linguistic possibility. It is all facile, glib, reductive, hobbling film's addition to our artistic means of dealing with experience. Beautiful pictures are not film style. The recent self-conscious films of Miklós Jancsó, which I dislike, are at least patent attempts to expand film language. Kubrick's latter-day work is solipsist and smug, isolated and sterile. For me *Barry Lyndon* is an anti-film, a gorgeous, stultified bore.

COMING
Malcolm Cowley
on Faulkner

Black and White on the Rocks

Rock, Reggae and Dylan

After the uncertainties of the early '70s, 1975 was an especially welcomed good year for American popular music, all of it, everywhere. Nothing like the eruption of '55, when Chuck Berry, Fats Domino and Bill Haley cut loose from the current pap, hotwired white effervescence to black blues, and sped off with rock 'n' roll. Not as singular as the winter of '64, when the Beatles rode the cusp of the first British tidal wave to overwhelm these shores. Not glowing with the same multicolored aura as the summer and fall of '67, which gave us our first glimpses of the Jefferson Airplane, Doors, Grateful Dead, Sly Stone and Jimi Hendrix, plus major studio albums by the Rolling Stones and Beatles. Still, for popular music, 1975 will go down as the best since 1967.

Rock 'n' roll: the name itself told us the music would come in cycles, have its pauses, go through lean years. But the name didn't prepare people for the limbo of these last few years. Waiting for some big new sound, fans have been sitting out the depression listening to old albums. Woodshedding while they waited, bands tightened their riffs to match the fans' wallets. Which is to say, economic depression was a large factor in the recent transitional period of American music. Yet it wasn't the whole story.

In its first 20 years, rock rolled over Beethoven, as Chuck Berry foresaw, only to rock right into the maw of a cultural tolerance that preferred absorbing the music to standing around as a target to be flattened. Now inside the sponge, looking longingly for its easier outside and outré stance, rock has had to cope with its acceptance. Dinner table

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conversation neither halts nor hops up at the mention of rock stars anymore. We swallow would-be outrageous groups right along with the pizza and wash down their twang with the cola. Barbaric Rolling Stones records for the young marrieds, Barbie and Ken dolls for the kids, and family life goes on in the '70s. But how does it go on?

The limbo forced folks to see that the old ways were still the true ways. So, once again, there has been the necessary cross-fertilization between white and black musical strains. Each of rock's great periods—in '55, '64 and '67—was a moment of miscegenated music. White and black people called to each other across their ditch of common disenfranchisement, creating together and in tandem a myth of solidarity nowhere shadowed in the mainstream.

As did Elvis Presley in his earliest sides in the '50s and Joe Cocker in the '60s now the (Scottish) Average White Band plays soul music that blacks buy. As did Bo Diddley and Chuck Berry in the '50s and the Motown menagerie in the '60s, now the Ohio Players, Stevie Wonder and Labelle excite whites with their clearly black sound.

The most obvious example of the renewed importance of black pop music is in the urban disco clubs, and the records tailored for them. The bass-heavy disco sound has transformed '60s weekend-hippies back into the white Negroes Norman Mailer named in the '50s, although this time they're more hot than cool, more glittered than bedenimed, and their jive is with their feet more than from their mouths. However black the disco sisboombah is, though, it is still a square dance owned by whites: as programmed as its turntables and as void of spontaneity.

A suburban manifestation of the sparks flying between whites and blacks is the recent "fusion music." Fans of all stripes claim this sound as their own. Is fusion music danceable jazz? Or, is it an extension of rocky sophistication? Both? At its best—Esther Phillips, Herbie Hancock and John McLaughlin's Mahavishnu Orchestra are some of those at the top—this music underwrites its power with rock's raw edge and tops it off with improvisational élan swiped from jazz sources. The difficulty here is in distinctions, because rock also has its great jammers. Whether it's jazz or rock finally makes little difference, however, for when it's good, it substantiates our experience, whips us from our ruts and implies more fluid and shapely ways to reassemble time and space. And when it's bad, well, still it's competent, mellow mood music for non-listeners.

Fortunately, despite the muzaking of some jazz, its more explorative players continue to develop in all modes. Miles Davis, who will be half a century old this year, has pumped social and musical impulses from the last quarter century through the new polyrhythms and electronic wah-wah distortion of his latest double LP, *Get Up With It*, dedicated to Duke Ellington. If you want to listen to fusion music, this is its cutting edge. At the other end of the spectrum is the precise acoustic piano of Cecil Taylor. Returning in 1975 from a long academic retreat—enforced by like parts of audience incomprehension and Taylor's smoldering reticence—he has offered a literally transcendant solo effort on *Silent Tongues*. Listen to him as carefully as possible, carefully enough to hear the pedals squeaking and groaning, to hear him humming and moaning, spurring and congratulating himself. He plays no muzak. Neither does he mush a single demisemiquaver.

That same clarity is the initial attraction of Jamaican reggae, the newest sound in rock. If rock has always emerged from the squeeze mainstream culture puts on its colonies, from Memphis to Liverpool, then reggae's popular emergence last summer from Trench Town, Kingston's slum, is no exception. Reggae promises to take a place equivalent to the strain of rhythm 'n' blues that ran through the '50s and '60s, juicing jazz and rock alike. Nothing if not outspoken, reggae merges revolutionary politics, gospel apocalypticisms and a chinking rhythm with spacy intensity. "If you are a big tree," Bob Marley has sung, "we are the small axe, well-sharpened to cut you down." Full of cross rhythm, reggae is also full of open space, as one musician told me, like music in the outdoors. The best groups so far are Marley and the Wailers, Toots and the Maytals, and Jimmy Cliff; all of them are finally well-represented by records available here. And their sound has thus begun to influence white and black performers, from Rod Stewart to Taj Mahal.

Despite the significance of the new black music, it has no corner on the current excitement. At 25, now with three albums under his Southshore Jersey belt, Bruce Springsteen has a stage show so dramatic and professionally executed that it makes seasoned observers gasp involuntarily even recollecting it in tranquility. Springsteen has retained his youthpunk vision of cycles, backstreets lighted by Exxon signs, and anxieties lurking under the boardwalk. But his latest album, *Born To Run*, is a cagey rock masterpiece because he's been able to turn the hermetic intensity of his earlier work into public myth. Springsteen's special capacity to discover and amplify the energy and value in banal things is rock's oldest and most elusive gift. He's like Bette Midler in that respect, and like Randy Newman, Van Morrison and Jackson Browne—all performers who share his complex attraction-repulsion to the common life, though none of them has so successfully tapped its secret volts. Both in music and visually on the cover of *Born To Run*, Springsteen leans heavily on the amplitude of Clarence Clemons, his rhythm 'n' raunch saxophonist, and the relationship shoves their sound both toward jazz and toward yakety-yak early rock. Don't worry about the hype the press has given him. He's better than the newsweeklies know, and will stand up.

Among the new groups and styles, the old ones have found means of sustenance. Three of the hoariest groups in rock, the Beach Boys, the Rolling Stones and the Who have all made triumphant and profitable tours within the last year. Two posthumous albums by Jimi Hendrix—*Crash Landing* and *Midnight Lightning*—have nudged along the positive revaluation his anarchic guitar style always deserved. But it is Bob Dylan who has best restored that old gleam to the eyes of fans, music execs and cultural seismographers alike.

As I write, Dylan is touring small auditoriums in the East with assorted shamans from the last two decades—Ramblin' Jack Elliott, Allen Ginsberg and Joan Baez, right down to yesterday's rockers like Roger McGuinn and Mick Ronson. Moreover he's released a single about Hurricane Carter, the black boxer jailed in New Jersey on evidently trumped-up charges. "Hurricane" is part of a new album that will be released at the turn of the year. Who says pop stars are goldfish in glass bowls? If Dylan was, now he's reincarnate as a cat, beginning something like his fourth life. All that on top of his two last albums, *Blood On The Tracks* and *The Basement Tapes* (this with the Band, recorded in 1967), which reestablished his music as an influential force, and drove certain observers agog with hope that the "'60s are coming back."

Don't believe it. The '60s will not

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return, but it's true that the music of the '70s has lept its limbo. Think of this half decade as the searching beginning to flat-out improvisation. In the spotlight, the singer has been staring at his boots, mumbling his lyrics. But the drums just kicked in, the sax is picking up its stutter, the bass is loping on the offbeat, surprise is in the reverb and one screaming jam is just around the corner. Hang on to all your parts, America, because this joint is looking to bust wide open.

W. T. Lhamon, Jr.

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Reed Whittemore on television

John Chancellor

John Chancellor seems as clear-eyed and untarnished off-tube as on. If he has dark cynicisms he keeps them at home in a closet. He likes people and the world, he likes New York and his office view of New York, he likes the competing newsmen on CBS, he likes good food (excluding small bony fish). He even likes, with reservations, democracy and the tube itself and, being solicitous of their welfare, keeps seeking out good news about them.

He was pleased for example to hear good news from Fred Friendly recently in the form of a prophecy about prime time. Friendly (of CBS, the Ford Foundation and other high places) expressed to Chancellor the opinion that the energy behind the production of prime-time comedy and melodrama is fading in wonderful and mysterious ways, making the future for "non-fiction" look bright. Chancellor does *not* like the current prime-time shows—when somebody else calls them junk he does not complain—and so he is enthusiastic, with Friendly, about the possibility of their slow demise, thinking of shows like Mike Wallace's "60 Minutes" (now scheduled to run for 52 weeks next year) as happy hopeful alternatives. He does not, though, go so far as to dream of no junk at all. Democracy is democracy. He relies instead on a theory of tribal tube-watching that allows those who want to watch junk to watch it and those who want to watch Mike Wallace to watch *him*. The tribal theory is Chancellor's answer to Gresham's law, the law that insists that the bad (the law started with just bad money, then became grander) inexorably drives out the good.

Very well. And the good in the form of non-fiction deep-think has been anchored in place for years by the Sunday-noon talk shows. Chancellor is happy about the tribe that watches these (for this reporter he guessed that the tribe comes to eight million; the latest Nielsen figures show 11.5 million) and says of it that it is composed of those fine concerned citizens in the boondocks who subscribe to the Sunday *New York Times* and to *The New Republic*, who form committees and back political campaigns, and who run—in the long run—the country. His point about them is that so long as the tube has something for them, and so long as the tube is doing its job in trying to expand their numbers (slight mumblings from this reporter about the immoderate difference between the size of *TNR*'s circulation and the size of even the loftiest commercial-tube tribe) we shouldn't keep calling in Gresham—Gresham who lived in the 16th century and didn't propound the law anyway.

Very well again. We would all be pleased if old-man Gresham would go away, his melancholy bell having rung too true for too long about the tube, about publishing and about many other sick American enterprises. Away with him—if he *will* go away. But will he? No, recent figures, much publicized, about the declining verbal prowess of our children have suggested that he not only won't go away but is settling in more firmly, settling in our minds as well as our enterprises. But Chancellor won't go for the figures.

He won't at least go for the figures as they are commonly used to damn TV. He won't go for correlating the declining verbal scores with statistics about how many hours per week the children spend in front of the tube. He doesn't believe they watch that much. He thinks that though the sets may be on and the children may be sitting in front of the sets, it is bad social science to assume that they are steadily paying attention to all those moving images since much of the time the children are daydreaming or talking or playing. Also he tends to measure tube-watching by the habits of his own children, over whom he and his wife have exercised considerable control and who therefore have not supported the statistics. When they were young they were not allowed to watch at will but would be told, after modest tube sessions, to turn the thing off until they had *written* something, sometimes a paragraph so formidable that they would want to let the paragraph go and TV too. At the suggestion that his children have had an unAmerican verbal upbringing Chancellor does not smile, for he does not think so. He remains an optimist about words (and parents). He likes words himself, he wants his children and all children to like them, and he does not want to think of the tube as an impediment to liking them. A year or so ago he came to the University of Maryland with his word message, and spoke to a hall-full of freshman English students who listened pleased but astonished that a TV man wouldn't bail them out of their theme trouble. He left the English staff with the happy impression that the enemy was not, after all, the enemy.

And Chancellor is not the enemy. We are lucky to have him where he is. But is his optimism about the tube's influence justified?

Put the question aside for a moment and think of another aspect of the tube's influence, its influence on national elections. Here also Chancellor is an optimist. He is proud of the recent resistance by the networks to President Ford's requests for speech time. He is anxious to give parties not in power—even including the Socialist Labor party—a fair shake, and he regards the interminable equal-time squabbling as, behind the fuzz, important. He would like to imagine that we could adopt in some form the procedure of the BBC which, when the prime minister speaks, offers prime time to the major opposition 24 hours later, and more time for further dissent 24 hours after that. He would like to believe that the party-not-in-power in this country could drum up a "shadow cabinet" so that it would always have somebody authoritative on tap when the President needed answering. What he would *not* like to believe is that the President's media exposure is so great anyway that no measures like these could come to much, or that the media themselves are responsible for presidential exposure excesses.

He grants that there are too many newsmen at the White House, grants that it is a shame for all those journalist-brains to be taking all those Ron Nessen

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handouts rather than finding their own Washington news; but he doesn't blame the newsmen. He was NBC's man at the White House once—and had Nessen working for him—and he thinks that it was James Hagerty, Eisenhower's press man, who brought on the modern condition. It was Hagerty, he says, who worked out the current channels whereby all the cabinet officers funnel their news through the White House rather than releasing it themselves. It might not have been Hagerty's (or of course Eisenhower's) intention to weaken the cabinet thereby, but the fact is that the cabinet *is* now weaker, more clearly a White House appendage, and the White House is proportionately stronger. So the White House is now, by its own doing, the place where everything newsworthy happens. By such reasoning the media are, again, found innocent.

Perhaps the wisest thing to say of Chancellor's optimism is not that it is either sound or unsound, but that it is an insider's optimism. Chancellor is tube establishment, and high establishment at that. He wouldn't be able to live with his job if he didn't believe, as he does, that TV is essentially benign. Within the context of this faith he sits down to his script every afternoon and does his best (a) to make the script precise, clear and graceful, and (b) to make it politically open and balanced. This writing exercise is his contribution to the preservation of culture and it is an important, specific, practical contribution that gives him good reason to be content; but it remains a contribution that keeps him closeted away from the tube watchers themselves, those younger ones for instance of the peanut-butter tribe who do their homework in the image flicker. While he can't help much with either the homework or the peanut butter he should probably have his optimism darkened by them some—by friendly reporters from outside.

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Books Considered

Presidential Style by Samuel and Dorothy Rosenman

(Harper and Row; $16.95)

This is a stimulating book about the presidential office and some of the people who occupied it. The late Judge Rosenman and his widow were close to Roosevelt and Truman, and this book is written with a fingertip sensitivity to the interplay of politics and policy at the level of the presidency. More specifically this book is about "presidential style," and undertakes to show how a man's personal style—in the case of Theodore Roosevelt, for example, how his energy, need for self-dramatization, egotism and his compulsion to act—shapes his conception of presidential prerogatives. "He wanted to make all the decisions himself," write the Rosenmans. And when Congress balked at giving him the bills he wanted, he took his case to the people with a ferocious banging of drums, which, of course, the public loved. He was the first President to use the press as a means of communication with the people. He was the first President to draw attention to himself and to his policies by means of presidential trips around the country. He occupied center stage, and Washington during his incumbency emerged as the news center of America.

In TR's view the President was the "steward" of all the people, and as such, he wrote in his autobiography, he "declined to adopt the view that what was imperatively necessary for the nation could not be done by the President unless he could find some specific authorization to do it." In foreign affairs he resorted to executive agreements and thus bypassed and circumvented the Senate. Largely through the exercise of executive power he turned the Caribbean into an American sea. "I took the canal zone," he boasted, "and let Congress debate, and while the debate goes on, the Canal does also." In the interests of establishing a balance of power and stability in East Asia, Roosevelt felt the United States should associate itself with the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. But he knew Congress and public opinion would never sanction formal adherence to such a treaty, so he entered into "an unofficial gentleman's agreement for the United States to act, in the event of a crisis in the Far East, as if it *were* a formal party to the Anglo-Japanese Treaty," a commitment that was kept secret from the American people for 20 years.

"Unfortunately, this kind of conduct by a President acting alone in foreign affairs," comments Judge Rosenman, "as though he were accountable to no one became more frequent in the administrations of Woodrow Wilson and Franklin Roosevelt, and especially Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon." The reader leans forward in anticipation, but such observations, unfortunately, are all too few, and, when they are offered are left to stand undeveloped. This book is not too useful, therefore, in dealing with our present predicament of how to preserve the presidency as an office capable of doing the stewardship job, yet not so strong as to overwhelm the people's liberties. It is expository rather than analytical.

Rosenman served FDR loyally as counselor, speech-writer and drafter of countless executive orders from 1928, when Roosevelt first ran for the governorship, until 1945. For a few years he had a similar relationship with Truman. He saw the operations of the presidential office from a unique vantage point. He believed, as does this writer, that Roosevelt's leadership in the period from the outbreak of the war to Pearl Harbor saved the nation. But would Roosevelt have been able to do so had he not bypassed Congress and done by executive fiat what would appear under the Constitution to require congressional consent? Rosenman did not address himself to this question. Assuredly he supported Roosevelt in his extraordinary exercise of presidential prerogatives in the interests of national self preservation. Yet it is also true that executive aggrandizement led to the abuses of presidential power associated with Vietnam and Watergate, a process that were it not for the accidental discovery of the Watergate break-in might well have resulted in the subversion of the American democratic system. Is there then any way except eternal vigilance on the part of the electorate and Congress to ensure that a presidency that is powerful enough to pursue a coherent policy in times of crisis remains accountable?

Rosenman's discussion of the Wilson presidential style sheds some light on

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this matter. Wilson, Rosenman notes, came to public notice as a young man with a book on congressional government in which he pointed out that a consequence of the congressional usurpation that took place after the Civil War was government by secrecy, for secrecy was the essence of the committee system in Congress. Wilson's proposal for restoring balance between Congress and the executive was to give cabinet officers a seat in Congress and a right to participate in its debates. He argued that this would ensure a strong cabinet, a strong Congress, and help to focus public interest on the issues being debated in the Congress.

When Wilson became President, this most reflective of the nation's Presidents in the 20th century, gave a good deal of thought in advance of his inauguration to the question of "What *is* the cabinet?" Was it to be purely "administrative" or a party council, reflecting responsible party government? Wilson chose the latter, but, observes Rosenman, "all the President's years of study of the functions of the cabinet fell into discard when he came face to face with the problems of his own personality and those of the cabinet members, and with the practicality of working in harness with individuals of varied backgrounds and duties without common objectives to bind them." He soon was meeting with them individually rather than in council, and their advice on matters that did not concern their own departments soon came to seem superfluous.

Yet Wilson's failure to vitalize the cabinet is not conclusive, and this may well be a practical approach to presidential accountability. Reliance on Congress has its limitations. This book's chapter on Harding suggests some of them. The Republican oligarchs of the Senate, riding high after they had broken Wilson, wanted a President who would "cooperate" instead of another Woodrow Wilson who might seek to lead and to command. "The days of giants in the President's Chair is passed [sic]," announced Harry Daugherty, later to be indicted in the Teapot Dome scandals. Harding, whom Daugherty had picked in 1899 as a future President because he "looked like a President," was selected by a senatorial cabal as "the best of the second raters." Brand Whitlock praised him as a man of "solid mediocreness," and packaged by Albert Lasker, whose advertising accounts included Lucky Strikes and Pepsico, he was easily elected.

"We are going to put in a man who will listen," the Senate GOP hierarchs had said, but after their man had been elected, internal squabbles among the members of the directorate kept them from speaking with one voice. Congressional leadership in practice could not be exercised. The episode suggests that we should be on guard against the easy assumption that the remedy for presidential usurpation is congressional leadership. This is an uneven book, but it is eminently worth reading.

Joseph P. Lash

Joseph P. Lash's most recent book is *From the Diaries of Felix Frankfurter* (Norton).

The Prime Ministers ed. by Herbert van Thal

(Stein and Day; $35)

Winston S. Churchill Volume IV, The Stricken World by Martin Gilbert

(Houghton Mifflin; $27.50)

One of the more interesting consequences of Watergate to have emerged in this Bicentennial year is the sudden and benign interest in the British form of government. I do not mean to deride what I take to be a compliment, but Americans have always been singularly chauvinistic about their political system, and for journalists and academics to have settled on the British model in their post-Nixon agony is ironic indeed.

Historians, it would seem, no more learn the lessons of history than the players, for to look to the Westminster model as an antidote to the imperial presidency is logical only in theory. The British have had 'active' and 'passive' prime ministers as readily as we have had Presidents. It is true that the House of Commons requires an education in parliamentary give-and-take that is unnecessary here, and that a government unable to muster the votes cannot, by statute, govern; but it is also true that prime ministers have circumvented tradition, clung to office, misled the House, kept mistresses, resorted to demagoguery and otherwise sinned in every fashion so odious to today's custodians of civic righteousness.

To the end *The Prime Ministers* is an invaluable bucket of cold water that should be thrown on everyone who has looked longingly across the Atlantic while bemoaning the state of affairs in Washington. A collection of biographical essays on every premier since the first, Sir Robert Walpole, it demonstrates vividly just how *sui generis* and ill-adapted to our own country the British scheme is. So much of the system has evolved in so many casual and extra-constitutional ways that this book should, if anything, horrify scupulously legalistic political observers. It points out, among other things, that the office was not even recognized by law until 1905 and then only to grant social precedence to the holder over the Archbishop of York. It may require the skill of a Disraeli to climb, in his words, to the top of the "greasy pole," but *The Prime Ministers* shows that the flotsam will rise as readily as the cream. In other words the British government is no less imperfect than our own. At the moment, however, we could benefit from some of its lessons.

These necessary qualifications aside, let me say that this is a delightful book. In spite of its massiveness, not to mention the massiveness of its intent, it is a pleasure to read—to dip into at intervals, to follow from front to back and thereby obtain a political history of Britain from the early 18th century. Inevitably the quality is uneven. Some of the earlier accounts are too short and the essay on Disraeli reads like an AP dispatch, but it is a novel idea that works, and is a thorough, compact guide to information hitherto diffuse.

Further it may be that in this age of equality we have been fortunate to be ruled by the men of true ability, but the British governing class—so exclusive, so incestuous and *elitist* (perish the

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thought)—has certainly brought forth more interesting characters. Who have we to compare with so arch a cynic as Palmerston, a philosopher like Balfour, classicist like Gladstone, prodigy like Pitt? When young Harold Macmillan was wounded in World War I, his sergeant found him in a shell-hole contentedly reading Thucydides. Lord Rosebery, as an Oxford undergraduate, owned a horse he proposed to enter in the derby. The university authorities insisted that he give up either the horse or school—unhesitatingly Rosebery kept the horse. Walpole could not converse with his German-speaking sovereign and so resorted to Latin.

This brings us to the fourth volume of the late Randolph Churchill's proposed life of his father, Sir Winston, the most popular British statesman among Americans. Randolph died in 1968 having completed only the first two, and the torch has been passed to Martin Gilbert, one of his assistants, an Oxford don with a special interest in historical cartography. Whatever may be said for or against atlases, their success does not depend too largely on literary style, and Gilbert's overwhelming attention to detail is the book's most obvious—and lamentable—characteristic. No memorandum, no birthday card, no rumor the butler heard is too immaterial to leave out.

This volume covers six years, 1916 to 1922, and runs to 915 pages of text. Since its subject lived another 43 years and the wartime accounts will undoubtedly be longer, this assures us of at least 6405 more pages before the course is run, not to mention that there have been seven 'companion' volumes before this one. This can not be exactly what Randolph Churchill envisioned. His father's life and work, so interesting and momentous, is likely to be buried in an avalanche of print. Randolph's hand, so heavy at times but so spirited and inimitable, is sorely missed.

This is a shame because Churchill is a fascinating figure, very much in need of comprehensive analysis. He may not have been anything like the superlatives that have been spoken of him ("the greatest Englishman of this or any age") but the scope and length of his career are astonishing. So, too, is his prescience in many instances, and, for that matter, his blunders and misunderstandings.

The Stricken World covers an interesting corner of his political life. He has bounced back from his Gallipoli disgrace and, along with Lloyd George, Lord Birkenhead, Lord Curzon and others, is a member of the star-studded inner circle of the national coalition that ran Britain from the middle of World War I to the end of this volume.

It is also here that the first glimmerings of the present Middle East tragedy can be seen —the Balfour declaration, the impending Arab revolt, the Cairo Conference of 1921 where Churchill was senior British minister. So, too, does the eternal Irish question rear its head, and many of its issues and disputes have a dishearteningly familiar ring about them. The only difference between then and now is that thus far the IRA has not shot and killed anyone so eminent and fair as Sir Henry Wilson, whom they bagged in 1922. Events like these, dropped like butter into a vat of bibliography and prose, inspire no more than the passion of a footnote.

Philip Terzian

Philip Terzian is an editor at The New Republic Book Company.

Myth America: Picturing Women, 1865-1945 by Carol Wald and Judith Papachristou

(Pantheon; $17.95, $8.95 paper)

Women have been a part of American history for a long time—ever since those Elizabethan ladies disembarked at Jamestown—but only recently have they entered our history books. Until feminists in the 1960s demanded revision, women lived at the edge of the official picture, in the sentimental focus or careless shadow.

Women were neglected, and also images of women. Everywhere we look, there is a female image—in the family photo album, in the daily comic strip, on museum walls and highway billboards, on the 60-foot movie screen and the 20-inch TV screen, dressed in *Vogue* and undressed in *Playboy*. Everywhere except, again, in history books.

But this verbal bias is, like the sexist bias, beginning to give away. More and more books are showing as well as telling the past. And now Carol Wald and Judith Papachristou have blended the visual with the feminist dimension to produce *Myth America*.

Papachristou contributes the written portion, 20 pages that outline a century of changes in employment, education, fashion, family and sexuality. Despite the cramped space, she achieves more than silhouettes of reality. The analysis mixes cogent generalities and vivid examples, exploring the interior psychological developments as well as exterior socio-economic ones. The scope ranges from the upper-middle class to the working class. And finally the prose manages concern and sometimes outrage, tempered by wit. For a thorough history of women one must turn elsewhere, but Papachristou provides a good starting place.

The weight of *Myth America*, however, lies less in its words than in the images that Wald has arranged into a composite portrait of American women between 1865 and 1945. Unlike other visual histories that rely almost entirely on photographs, Wald uses pictures—more than 600 pictures taken from calendars and advertising cards, paper dolls and paper fans, from 19th-century *cartes de visite* and chromolithographs, from 20th-century postcards, sheet-music covers, magazine covers and advertisements. Here we see women not as photographers recorded them but as illustrators designed them. These pictures tell less about their subjects than about their creators.

They also tell about their audience. For these pictures are neither fine art nor folk art. They are mass art, commercial products, the visual currency of ordinary Americans in the pre-TV era, and therefore an eager repetition of sentimentalities and banalities. Wald has chosen them precisely because they reveal the clichéd images of womankind. An apple-cheeked lass, with a bow in her hair and an apron over her frilly dress, is happily "Helping Mother" roll out dough. Round-faced, kerchiefed, unperspiring Aunt Jemima grins from ear to ear on behalf of Gold Medal Flour. A young woman in a taffeta gown plays the piano on the *Ladies' Home Journal* cover, eyes discreetly averted from the gentleman's ardent gaze. To these visual clichés, Wald has added verbal ones: quotations from books, advertisements, postcards and popular songs ("My little bicycle girl, Of all the maids she's the pearl . . .").

A collage of clichés. But Wald finds a larger meaning. She has arranged the pictures according to traditional female

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roles—sugar 'n' spice daughter, working girl, beauty queen, wife and mother—in order to demonstrate that the images add up to a "myth," the myth of femininity.

It is a powerful argument, especially given the skillful book design by Paul Gamarello. Open to page 108, for example, and you enter a forest of corsets—daughters in corsets, mothers in corsets, a corsetted woman flanked by two mirror reflections of her wasp-like figure—images of images of femininity. Or look at the double spread of women baking bread, baking pie, grinding meat, serving sulky husband, serving grateful husband, serving hurried husband, smiling and serving, glad that "I Made It *All* Myself." The section on marriage becomes a lace-and-satin blur of rural brides, urban brides, somber and laughing, white-skinned, dark-skinned, 20 brides.

Woman after woman, smile after smile after dazzling smile, and soon one becomes hypnotized as if watching the keys of a player piano. The women seem not simply images but mechanical toys manipulated into some endless mythical tune.

But take a second look. Speeding along smile after smile, the reader also is manipulated. Closer scrutiny finds images that violate the myth: a wartime railroad worker, clad in "masculine" pants, jacket, cap and gloves, who is pulling (unsmilingly) at a track switch; an airplane pilot, goggles pushed up on her forehead, who is smoking a Chesterfield; an elegant lady driving alone in her Waverly Electric automobile. How do Wald and Papachristou deal with these deviants from the myth? Each author in her own way obscures the deviation or overlooks it—and therein lie the two weaknesses of their book.

On the pictorial side, Wald fails to appreciate these images in their historical context. They move on the page but not in time. For one thing, although the book claims to survey the 80 years between the Civil War and World War II, three-fourths of the images come from the 30 years between 1890 and 1920. No wonder, then, that the "myth" appears so pervasive—it is largely a portrait of Myth Victorian America that we are seeing.

Wald also includes post-1920 images, yet she puts them indiscriminately among the others, as if the same myth stretched unbroken from Lincoln's time to Truman's. But that is too simple. To be sure, most of the sexist clichés yielded with maddening slowness or not at all. But change there was. Papachristou's text tells some of it. And Wald's own pictures show some of it, if we look at them historically.

The svelte Lucky Strike woman who introduces the section on marriage, for instance, says "I do." Contrary to what Wald's arrangement would have us believe, however, this is not an image of yet another would-be Myth Hausfrau. This woman is saying "I do smoke," and in 1933 that was still a bit daring. Socially she had come a long way since the time, less than 10 years earlier, when her cigarette would have earned expulsion from Vassar and a fine from Detroit policemen. Imagistically she had also come far since those cigarette ads in 1926 where she merely asked the man to "blow some my way." "I do" was, in its small way, a defiance of the myth. Wald's thematic organization highlights much meaning in the images, but her unhistorical treatment also obscures.

On the non-pictorial side, the book suffers a second weakness. Papachristou makes clear that women during the 20th century increasingly asserted themselves in such varied ways as taking a job or riding a bicycle or having an affair. She complains, however, that the pictures don't portray perspiring female workers, muscular female athletes or women "openly and robustly interested" in sexual pleasure.

The pictures certainly don't (except for some bawdy postcards), but it is misleading to expect they would. Documentary photographs show more sweat, muscle and even lust. In Oliver Jensen's *Revolt of American Women*, a photographic history published in 1952, there are some very unmythical females. The images in *Myth America*, however, did not come from the streets but from the studios of illustrators and advertisers. It's impossible not to share Papachristou's indignation at the degrading stereotypes that flow across the pages like a saccharine stream. But indignation misses the point: these images say as much about their medium as about women.

Advertisements promise happiness; postcards send cheer; calendar scenes and magazine covers catch the eye, warm the heart; pop songs croon love and marriage in slogans as hackneyed as horse and carriage. These images are designed to fit stereotypes rather than to stretch them, to repeat prejudices rather than report realities, because their creators want to make sales rather than art or documentaries. And not only women lose dignity in the process, but men too (whether as Mister Playboy or Dagwood Bumstead).

Myth America is flawed. It is also important. By rescuing these significant souvenirs of another era and presenting them so forcefully, it deserves attention. Its conceptual dilemmas indicate the challenges that confront future prospectors in this new field of history.

Peter G. Filene

Peter G. Filene is professor of history at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, and author of *Him/Her Self: Sex Roles in Modern America* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich).

Women, Work and Volunteering by Herta Loeser

(Beacon Press; $8.95)

In reading Herta Loeser's fine book, *Women, Work and Volunteering*, I kept hearing, as a refrain, an exchange between a parent and a child. The parent has asked the child to do something, render a lovely gesture, perhaps perform a generous act. In response the child says, what will you pay me?

The culture teaches its very young that external rewards must accompany all acts of work, no matter what the intention and substance of that work. Herta Loeser knows this fact only too well. But for many years she has discovered, in the very way she leads her life, new definitions of work, new definitions of personal gratification through work.

Women, Work and Volunteering is an elegant statement of why people want to volunteer and the sources of pleasure they derive in volunteer work. Loeser traces volunteering activity in high school and college students, in women seeking part time relief from housework, in women exploring new work possibilities, and in women returning to the work world and their professions. She examines as well the role of volunteering in single, widowed and retired women and what it is that brings them to volunteer for various

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projects. Her book also provides an invaluable list of resources for those thinking about part time or full time volunteer work. And throughout the volume, the voices of women punctuate the discourse, testimonies to the extreme value of working, as it were, for free.

No one in contemporary America writes a book on women and volunteer work without wondering about its social, economic and political implications. To ask women to consider volunteering challenges an important precept of the women's movement: equal work, equal pay. But Loeser, supporting the women's movement, is able to justify in social and psychological terms the value of volunteer work. Volunteering is no substitute, she argues, for the fundamental employment rights of women. It does, however, challenge two serious forces in our culture. The first is the notion that all work must lead to some later future reward. Women, it seems, are better able than men, to embrace the moment and let later moments await their turn. Volunteering, in other words, can break the instrumental quality of work, the idea that physical, emotional and intellectual effort must be a means to a greater end, a bridge to a promised land.

Second, volunteering challenges the concept of self interest; it transforms work from obligation to gift. The volunteer thinks of success in terms of another person's gratification and not only her or his own. We don't think enough about giving; indeed caring for people is too often something we men just assume women will take care of. Significant political ideologies, moreover, demanding freedom and equality can produce self interested men and women, living representations of what they themselves claim to despise.

Herta Loeser has written a helpful and significant book. In discussing the practical and necessary concerns of volunteers, she touches again and again on issues like the meaning of work, the equality of men and women, and the nature of free will, *voluntas*, from which the words voluntary and volunteer derive.

Tom Cottle

Tom Cottle is affiliated with The Children's Defense Fund of the Washington Research Project. His recent books include *Black Children, White Dreams* and *A Family Album: Portraits of Intimacy and Kinship* (Harper and Row).

The Power Lovers by Myra MacPherson

(G. P. Putnam's Sons; $10)

If there is one area of political life that has been disregarded in serious analysis, it is the private world of politicians. Apart from the question of whether reporters should reveal the affairs or drinking habits of public officials—a debate topic raised by Wilbur Mills' escapades and John Ehrlichman's pious comments before the Senate Watergate Committee—knowledge of how politicians deal with their marriages and families can tell us much about the motivations and drives of people in politics, a matter often relevant to how they make public policy.

The Power Lovers is an attempt to portray the characteristics of political marriages, successes as well as failures. For the most part, Myra MacPherson, a politically savvy *Washington Post* reporter, has succeeded in showing what makes political marriages distinct from those of other influentials in the society, such as corporate executives (mainly, politicians' overwhelming ego drives). Along the way, she gives us a series of perceptive and well-written profiles of politicians, male and female, and their wives and husbands. We learn interesting and valuable things about some important political figures. But *The Power Lovers* falls short of pulling together the mass of material it compiles on good and bad political marriages to give us the broader implications for the political system or for the public behavior of politicians.

One area where MacPherson does begin to interrelate the public and the private is a section called "Surrogate Wives," that deals with the staff aides on Capitol Hill, who compete with spouses, often viciously, for their bosses' time and attention. I have spent a good deal of time in the past three years interviewing present and former senators; it is remarkable to see how bewildered many ex-senators are without layers of staff to answer their phones, screen their visitors, get them coffee, or drive them to parties. As a perfect example, MacPherson describes the wife of former Sen. Albert Gore, who "got tired of his sitting around when the phone rang. He expected someone else in the house to answer it. She finally said, 'I'm not your secretary, dear.'"

Outside of their direct impact on marriages, staffs provide the greatest possible incentive for politicians, ego-oriented people, to stay around the institution—to do whatever is necessary to keep getting reelected, even if it jeopardizes or destroys their family lives. Staffs create an atmosphere that is both unhealthy and unreal. Few senators—Dick Clark and Jim Abourezk are refreshing exceptions—allow their staffs to call them by their first names. They are constantly referred to in the third person—"The senator says this; The senator wants that." It is difficult for anyone coming into an institution like the Senate not to be seduced by the trappings and to begin to consider himself something larger than life. MacPherson quotes one aide:

> *The whole* place *is set up as a mistress. There's a wife, who is treating him like an average human being, but the whole staff, particularly the males who are working on issues, are serving the function of telling him about all those things that bolster his image of being an important presence on the Hill. Most jobs don't compete with a man's personal life, except for his time. Here is a permanent organism, the staff, that is competing constantly for his time, energy, his interest, his body, everything else.*

Not that the need for ego-massaging isn't there to begin with. Again and again in *The Power Lovers* politicians and their wives attribute the strains and/or the failures of their marriages and family lives to the internal demand for constant acceptance and reassurance. Mieke Tunney, the divorced wife of California's junior senator, said, "People used to tell me John was just a hard-driving man who would be no different in business, and that I should just learn to understand it. But I think there is a difference. What politicians have is an enormous drive to prove something to themselves. It stems from a basic sense of inferiority—a much deeper rooted sense of insecurity than most."

Along with divorced spouses of politicians—some, like Phyllis Dole and Nancy Riegle, bitter and disgruntled, and others, like Abigail McCarthy, reflective and insightful—MacPherson profiles a whole series of political husbands and wives. She doesn't restrict herself to Washington; among the more interesting people analyzed are Angelina Alioto, wife of the San Francisco mayor; Wisconsin Gov. Pat Lucey and his candid wife, Jean; and Gov. Marvin Mandel of Maryland, his wife Jeanne and his ex-wife "Bootsie."

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MacPherson gives acerbic portraits of Jacob Javits and wife Marion, and of Lloyd Bentsen and his wife, B.A., all of whom come across as totally plastic. MacPherson writes affectionately of Bob and Nadine Eckhardt, Shirley and Conrad Chisholm, Phil and Jane Hart, and Frank and Bethine Church. And she writes perceptively about "Workaholic" Bill Proxmire, recently reconciled with his wife Ellen, Walter and Joan Mondale, and Birch and Marvella Bayh.

The Power Lovers gives us new insight into powerful legislators like Javits, Eckhardt, Dole, Bentsen, Bayh and Church, which is especially worthwhile since some will be prominent in the upcoming presidential sweepstakes. And it is fascinating to read about political marriages that seem to work, those where egos are healthy but controlled, and whose partners put the strains of political life into perspective. But we are left with only two pages of rather inadequate conclusions. *The Power Lovers* would have been a much more satisfying contribution to political analysis if it told us a little more about *why* we seem to have so few politicians who can keep their self-images and their values in check, or what we might do to dampen the overwhelming ego pressures that the political system seems to generate and reinforce.

Norman J. Ornstein

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The Spirit of '76
by Carl Bridenbaugh

(Oxford University Press; $8.95)

Guess who recently copped some grade-A, prime-time television—right between "Rhoda" and "Phyllis"? America's official cynic during the Eisenhower years, Mort Sahl. And guess what Mort Sahl said? That George Washington and his troops had a lot of rough going in the fight for liberty.

No joke. Just Shell Oil's contribution to the Bicentennial blitz to promote American self-congratulation. Some hype is understandable on the grounds that a noble past can soft an all too grim present. But the current hoopla, which includes rehabilitation of Tories along with the general elevation of all children of the Revolution, strains the brain. It's a shame to see the hard-won achievements of scepticism and sobriety wrought by historians during the past several decades knocked aside. No sooner is the emperor discovered naked, then—wave of the media wand—he appears fully outfitted in a textured polyester frock coat and platform buckle shoes.

One of the latest couturiers is, sadly, an eminent veteran of the history profession. Carl Bridenbaugh's *Spirit of '76* is a zealous if brief (154 big-type pages) effort to turn colonial intellectual history on its head. For better or worse it is currently fashionable to view pre-Revolutionary America as a group of diverse settlements with few social or emotional links to each other. Bridenbaugh, however, argues that a transcendent unity infused the colonial period, a spirit best described as American patriotism. He sees the 169 years between the founding of Jamestown and the Declaration of Independence as a time of constantly growing Americanization; in fact, without this long-simmering patriotism, it seems, there would have been no spirit of '76, no break with England. Hence, for Bridenbaugh, the American revolution occurred in the middle of our history, not at the beginning. And the Bicentennial party should be more accurately a tricentennial-three-score and nine celebration.

Colonial disparity and provincial perspective thus vanish under a tide of patriotism. Yet this is not the thesis of a leap-frogging revisionist. Bridenbaugh is only echoing the militantly nationalist schools of the 19th century, the stuff of Disneyland exhibits. Where these schools found freedom itself pulsating through American history, Bridenbaugh too finds that love of liberty gave glue to feelings of national identity.

But being out-of-date isn't, of course, the same as being wrong. For that, Bridenbaugh's arguments can stand alone. The plain fact is the colonies had little in common but their dependence on the empire. On issues of religion, politics and economics, divisions were basic and sometimes violent. Disputes arose over currencies and over British insistence that local assemblies raise money or send troops to help other colonies fight Indians. More dramatic, the ubiquitous boundary controversies occasionally led to armed clashes. During the 17th century, Rhode Island and Connecticut regularly invaded one another across the Pawcatuck River. Pennsylvania and Virginia bashed heads over rival claims to the Wyoming Valley. And Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain Boys got their start by besieging New Yorkers in the dispute over who owned the land that eventually became Vermont.

Bridenbaugh's argument just doesn't convince, even at its most ingenious. First, numbers are only that. One hundred and sixty-nine years of living in the wilderness do not a nation make. Burgundians co-existed with Normans and Gascons for a millenium without considering their land a part of France. Second the aforementioned 169 years was not a period that embraced a stable population. Instead the ranks of the colonists grew constantly through the arrival of immigrants who retained firm ties to the crown. The fact that there were a large number of Tories indicates that British identity was often stronger than colonial, let alone national, identity. Tory allegiance on the brink of the Revolution often involved whole communities. In Connecticut, for instance, the towns of New Haven, Ridgefield, Danbury and Waterbury passed resolutions critical of the patriots meeting in Philadelphia; in Reading and New Milford, most of the townspeople swore loyalty oaths to King George. New York had so many Tories that patriots viewed the entire colony with distrust.

Even after the Revolutionary war was fought and won, Americans persisted in thinking of themselves as Virginians or New Yorkers first. The original instrument of government, the Articles of Confederation, was scrupulous in preserving state integrity. States retained the right to print their own money, levy taxes and regulate foreign and domestic commerce. The port of New York, for example, laid duties on goods destined for New Jersey or Connecticut; New Jersey and Connecticut, in turn, taxed interstate goods bound for New York. When the Articles were replaced by the Constitution eight years later, arch-nationalist Alexander Hamilton admitted that many Americans found the Constitution too great a step toward unification.

Notwithstanding the adoption of the Constitution, American behavior two decades later during the War of 1812 lacked patriotic élan. Several times state militia, rallying in support of the republic, marched smartly in pursuit of the British only to stop cold at their state

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boundaries. Not even yankee doodle could persuade the troops to leave their own states. And after the War of 1812, as high school textbooks note, the era of good feelings passed bitterly into the growth of sectionalism—hardly a patriotic development.

While it is hard to detect the swelling spirit of patriotism either before or after the Revolutionary war, early American history was not without some red, white and blue zip. A burst of patriotic fervor in the wake of Washington's rare military successes, a collective sigh of relief when the British were forced to withdraw from the War of 1812. Bridenbaugh has put his finger on a few such spasms—though most of them seemed to have occurred after 1760. Nothing, however, that adds up to a unifying love of nation.

One special irony of all this hunger for a comfortable national myth is that we are all probably lucky the glorious past never happened. The Constitution and Bill of Rights are loaded with expressions of distrust of the state which are as much the result of provincialism as abstract expressions of checks and balances or civil liberties. The nicest thing, after all, about the American system is that flag wavers don't always have their way.

Susan Previant Lee

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Tales Told of the Fathers by John Hollander

(Atheneum; $7.95)

Vision and Resonance: Two Senses of Poetic Form by John Hollander.

(Oxford University Press; $12.50)

John Hollander is learned and passionate both as poet and as critic. It is only natural that he writes poems of cerebral rather than visceral emotion, and his latest book, *Tales Told of the Fathers*, makes plain his connection with two other poets whose passions sprang from their brains more than their bowels, Wallace Stevens and W. H. Auden. It also shows Hollander's kinship to another great intellectual poet with whom he has no visible connection, the Russian Joseph Brodsky. Hollander is good enough to stand the comparisons.

The best of the poems in this book also made me want to penetrate the barriers with which Hollander's passionate learning surrounds his latest book of criticism, *Vision and Resonance*. It is so technical that it seems inaccessible to readers less highly schooled than Hollander. But it is worth some effort, because it contains some remarkable insights into how poetry works, insights that illuminate his own poems and suggest that Hollander must be a good teacher.

At the end of a chapter on "Ben Jonson and the Modality of Verse," Hollander maps two directions that contemporary poets can take. One is "that of American Modernism, following the Emersonian injunction to 'mount to Paradise / By the stairway of surprise'—in short, to seize early enough upon a poetic tessitura of one's own, to frame a mode of singing, as it were, that would make any other formal style impossible. The effect is to dissolve genre: it is not that the poet wishes to make distinguishable, say, 'a short, ironic meditation on landscape by Poet X,' but rather only 'a Poet X poem.' The other tradition is best exemplified by Auden, and in this he was Ben Jonson's heir in our age. His grasp of the competing necessities of the public and private realms were mirrored not only in his poetic morals but in his stylistic practice; using a vast array of forms, styles, systems, differentiating between private messages, songs, sermons, inscriptions, pronouncements, and so forth, he made of his technical brilliance more than merely a matter of his own delight. In craft began, for him as well as for his predecessor Jonson, responsibilities."

For Hollander, too, and the vastness of his array of forms and styles sometimes seems overwhelming in the contemporary world. "Under Aquarius," written for Auden's 65th birthday, strikes a romantic note in calling Auden "Der Dichter." But Hollander invokes classics rather than romantics in the poem, naming Wittgenstein and Lichtenberg and quoting from "The Magic Flute" of Schikaneder and Mozart. He uses the classical cadences of two lines in German that he adapts from Goethe to make the point (one translates, "Happily, we find ourselves inspired on classical ground"), whether celebrating Auden's intellect or his homosexuality. The poem ends with a tribute that only one poet can make to another:

> *. . . And now the constellation that night has*
> *Dropped into water's chill, dark in this pool in a square,*
> *Ringed with those crystals of light and giving them back to our silence,*
> *Rises:* Der Dichter—*if not seasonal, then all the more*
> *Present continuingly, and* Alpha Poetae, *the brightest*
> *Star, the one whose name everyone always recalls,*
> *Burns away knowingly, used to having been steered by, and glowing*
> *Up among us and our worlds turning in darkness around.*

This recalls both Auden's poem on the death of Yeats, which Hollander certainly knew, and Brodsky's poem on the death of Eliot, modeled on the Auden poem, which Hollander could not have known when he wrote. All three poems could be called classical executions of a romantic idea—a genre in itself.

Another of Hollander's genres, like Brodsky's, is the re-creation of myths, in both his poetry and his criticism. In an appendix to *Vision and Resonance*, he describes the process by which he wrote a modern version of the Philomel myth for the synthetic music of Milton Babbitt and the soprano voice of Bethany Beardslee. It is one of the revelations about the making of poetry that make the effort of reading the book worthwhile. The book of poems includes many examples of the mythopoeic genre, among them the five "Tales Told of the Fathers" that give the book its title. I like two others better. One is "Cohen on the Telephone," in which the attempts of God to speak to man and of father to speak to son connect the speaker only with chaos. The poem, like all myths when still alive rather than the object of study, is full of jokes—Cohen's son is called Ben Cole, which phonetically is Hebrew for "son of the voice" and orthographically a likely name change for the wandering son of an abandoned Cohen. The other poem I liked in this genre is "The Ziz," in which Hollander creates a beast of fire and air to match the Behemoth of earth and the Leviathan of water. It is complete with three rabbinical voices providing Talmudical commentary with a trans-Talmudic sense of humor. Take the voice of Rabbi Jonah:

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In their last whispered syllables
The muffled whatziz, the shrouded
Whooziz (trailing a sorrowful
Feather from beneath its cloak) tell
False tales of the Ziz: his is not
Theirs, nor he their wintry answer.
—Nor should we desire August light,
Showing a prematurely full
Sight of the Ziz entire, lest we
See and see and see our eyes out:
No: Praised by the cool, textual
Hearsay by which we beware the
Unvarying stare of the Ziz
In whose gaze curiosity
Rusts, and all quests are suspended.

A third important Hollander genre is the poem about language, about poetry. It can be one line, like "But if one is mistaken about him, finds out he has crowned nonentity with the pinchbeck of language," in a poem called "Russell's Monarch." Or it may be a whole poem, like one titled "Breadth. Circle. Desert. Monarch. Month. Wisdom (for which there are no rhymes)." Each word is given a stanza to itself, and the poem has an extra, final stanza demanding the intonation of the words, "not for whatever spell/They generate but for their mere/Inexorable syntax. The eye's movement outward/Claims its huge dominions not by kinship, nor bond/Of common ending."

This poem and others in the book are full of examples of something that Hollander explains brilliantly in *Vision and Resonance:* enjambment, the "unbridled forward surge of language" beyond the conventional line, what Milton called "sense variously drawn out" beyond each pentameter, to the enrichment of the poem. A Miltonic example, from *Paradise Lost:*

Satan, now first inflam'd with rage, came down,
The Tempter ere th'Accuser of mankind,
To wreck on innocent frail man his loss
Of that first Battle, and his flight to Hell:

Hollander notes that our first impulse is to assume that "his" in the third line of

The black men said the white girl said: "Let's get this show on the road."

"Next! He wasn't much good."

"If the police catch us, I'll yell rape."

The white girl said: "I was frightened all along but was afraid to show it."

James V. Giles was one of three young black men arrested and charged with raping a 16-year-old white girl in the woods of Montgomery County, Maryland, one night in July of 1961. They were sentenced to die. This is the

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this example refers to "man," but when the enjambment is revealed, we see the real antecedent is Satan, and "the ambiguity of the pronoun reflects the fact that, in the poem, Satan's loss is not only a type of Adam's, but a cause of it."

Enjambment is one of the devices that bring together "the poem in the ear" and "the poem in the eye"—the titles of the first and last chapters of *Vision and Resonance*. Discussing the poem in the eye, the way in which the printed poem directs attention to grammatical elements, Hollander is reminded that "it is always with what Wallace Stevens calls 'The poem of the act of the mind' that we are concerned." Hollander, as I said, is cerebral. But the chapter on the poem in the ear, though it is full of technical obstacles to be surmounted by cerebral overexertion, ends on a very different note: "Wordsworth's 'Ode on the Power of Sound' is, of course, emphatically not about the power of music, but about the ear's larger, undomesticated vastnesses, those regions in which real poetry, rather than cultivated verse, is to be found, the realm of all the human and natural utterance, from cries of pain to shouts of discovery: the sounds of language and of the wind in trees." There speaks the passionate Hollander.

Anthony Astrachan

Anthony Astrachan is a free-lance writer who has translated and reviewed poetry.

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Correspondence

ERA Debate

To the editors:

As an active member of the Ohio Task Force for the Implementation of the Equal Rights Amendment (appointed by the governor and attorney general, membership bipartisan, 13 women, 12 men) and of an "establishment pillar . . . the League of Women Voters," I must comment on Mr. Marion Sanders' "Requiem for ERA" in your November 29 issue.

I agree with Mr. Sanders that the proponents of ERA often use poor tactics and frequently lack a sense of humor.

But he has missed the important point. He says "the equal protection clause of the fourteenth amendment provides an adequately sturdy constitutional base" for fighting discrimination. In the parallel column, he asks, "Having mouldered in committee for nearly 50 years, why was the [ERA] amendment exhumed?" Because the fourteenth amendment was *not* being interpreted by the courts to protect the rights of women, that's why! If the fourteenth had provided equal rights for women, the ERA would never have been proposed!

I will not trouble Mr. Sanders with the many issues that demonstrate the need for ERA—he dismisses facts as "debating points." I would just point out that the Ohio Task Force distilled a 65-page report full of "debating points" that need attention in Ohio laws to rid them of discrimination based on gender, and Ohio is one of the more enlightened states on this subject.

Margaret Rosenfield
Columbus, Ohio

To the editors:

The organization Ms. Sanders refers to in her article is the National Organization *for* Women not *of* Women. The title was chosen because membership is open to men who are *for* women.

Timothy J. Hoy
Oberlin, Ohio

To the editors:

Marion Sanders' article, "Requiem for ERA," was a well written and thought provoking piece. However it has fallen short of its mark by claiming that defeats of ERA in New York and New Jersey are the death knell for national ratification of ERA.

Ms. Sanders is quite correct in saying that state "defeat seems to have triggered some soul searching." However that soul searching has not prompted ERA proponents to throw in the towel, but has merely made them more determined to make those defeats the very last ones we suffer.

Ms. Sanders comments that "without benefit of ERA, the ways of the world—and of the law—are changing," are misleading. The main purpose of ERA is to require prompt and uniform changes in law—changes that today depend on often inconsistent legal interpretations. Hence change without ERA would likely continue to be very slow and not necessarily in favor of greater equality.

While Ms. Sanders' article provides a fair view of the state efforts, I would like to point out that rumors to the effect that ERA is dead, are slightly premature.

Ruth C. Clusen
President
The League of Women Voters

In reply:

As one who voted for ERA and persuaded quite a few others to do so, I would be pleased if Ruth Clusen is right in predicting that the national amendment is not dead. I wish the women's movement could have avoided the psychological trauma of the defeat in New York, but a journalist cannot afford

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the luxury of wishful thinking.

However, before the League of Women Voters commits its admirable skills and resources to further exertions in behalf of ERA, I hope it will do two things: first take an honest reading of the state of public comprehension of and attitudes toward the amendment. Second consider the matter of priorities. Is it not possible that the status of women will be far more significantly advanced, for instance, by a full employment economy than by eliminating "gender-specific" language in statutes?

The anti-ERA drive in New York was, in large measure, spearheaded by the stalwarts of the Right to Life Movement, an always combat-ready army awaiting General Schlafly's summons. Politically I believe it is a mistake to stir up the Neanderthals except on a clear-cut issue backed by a substantial and informed constituency.

To allay the confusion of some of *TNR*'s correspondents, I herewith identify myself as a female and a lifetime advocate of equality for women.

Marion K. Sanders

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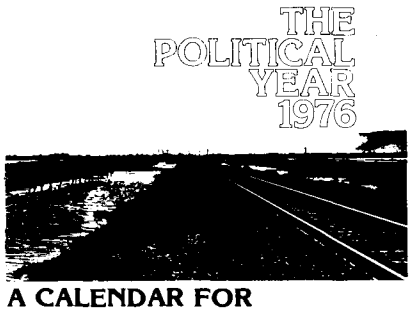

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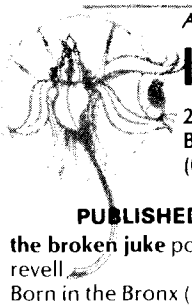

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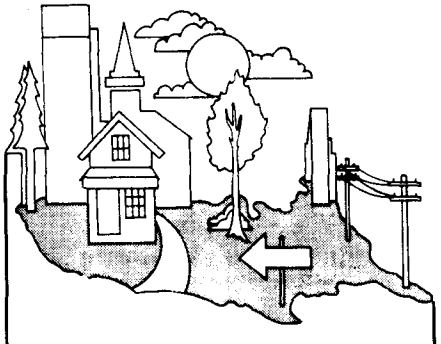

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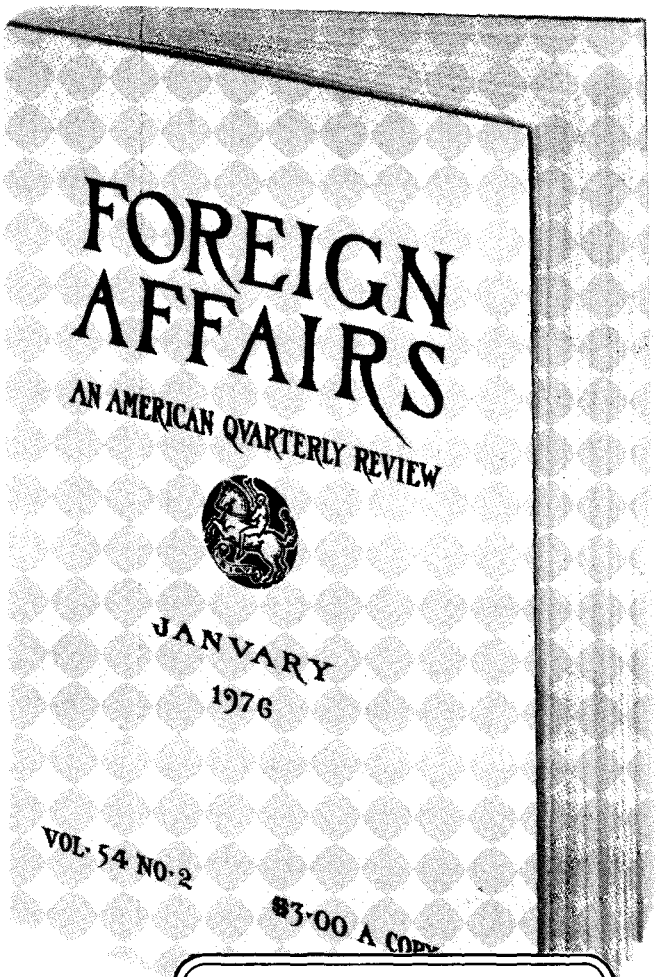

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